NOVEMBER 16, 1973
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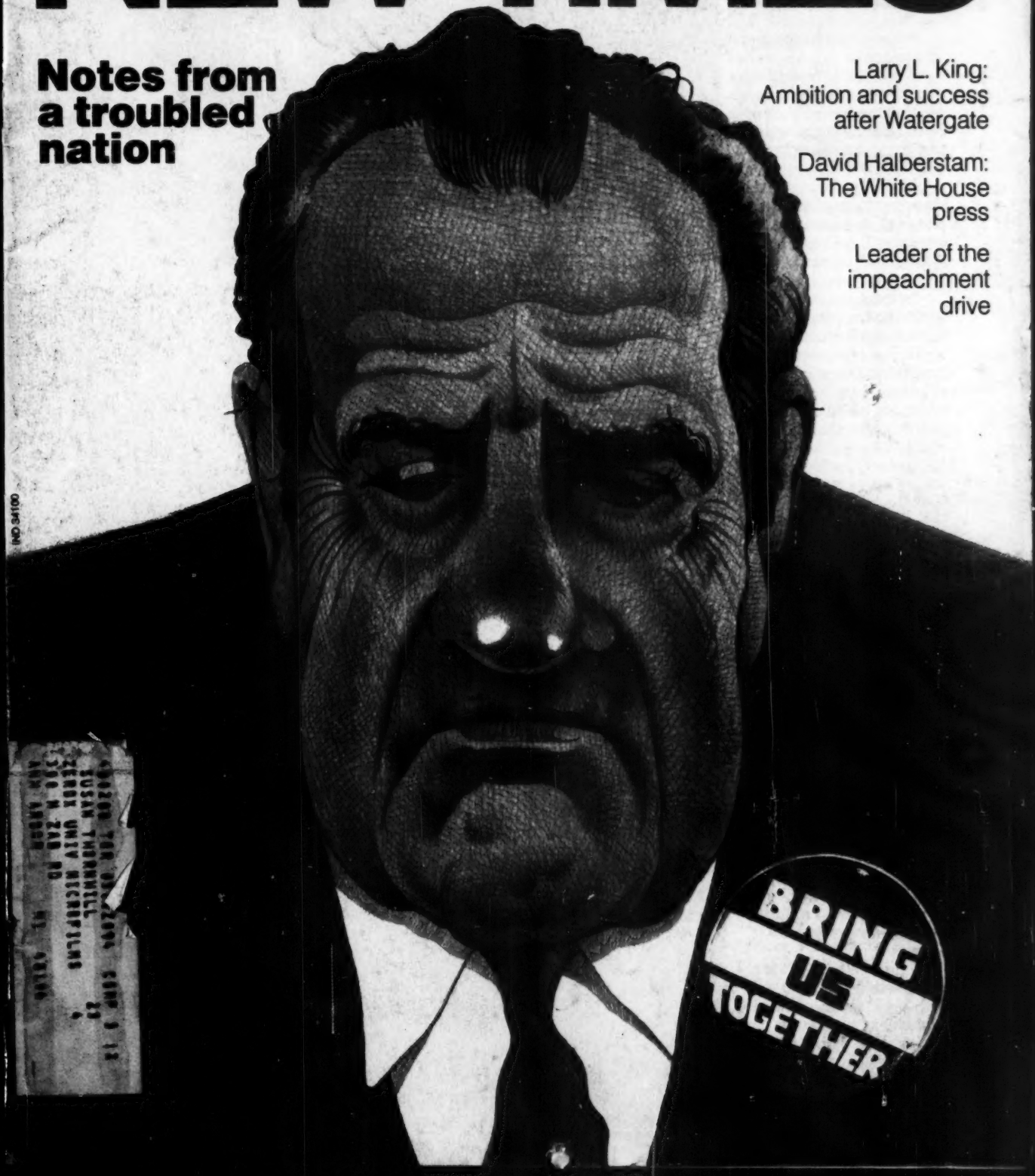
NEW TIMES

Notes from a troubled nation

Larry L. King: Ambition and success after Watergate

David Halberstam: The White House press

Leader of the impeachment drive



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AN UNCIVILIZED WORLD.

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COVER—ILLUSTRATION by BILL NELSON

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Alice, Here's how to start your fresh herbs indoors and have a ball doing it.

CUT HERE

After I saved my waiter's supply of old, and sadly empty Cuervo bottles, I got out my bottle cutter and cut them all off just above the label so I'd have a nice square glass. I did the usual little stones and earth. They really fit nice on a shelf. Planted Basil, Thyme, Cress and Chives for my salads.

Got to start now on next years supply of Planters ☺. It sure is wild tasting stuff (The Cuervo I mean.) Stop by next time you're by the big town and I'll fix you up with a little. Just straight with salt and lime.

Best Pat Jacobs

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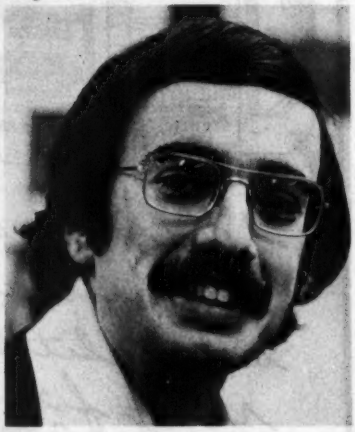
BEHIND THE SCENES

Bob Greene

Roger Simon



Chicago is the only American city that still has four major daily papers and, to a lot of reporters around the country, it's the last truly competitive newspaper town. For NEW TIMES, Chicago has already proven to be an invaluable source of journalistic talent. Two stories in this issue are by writers on the staff of the Chicago *Sun-Times*—a paper that also houses this magazine's Chicago correspondent, Scott Jacobs.

Bob Greene, who writes about Howard Cosell's proposed race for the U.S. Senate, is a 26-year-old columnist and the author of two books: *Running*, a highly personal account of the '72 Presidential campaign; and a collection of journalism that goes by the title, *We Didn't Have None of Them Fat Funky Angels on the Wall of Heartbreak Hotel—and Other Reports from America.*

Greene, who has written for many magazines, says that his NEW TIMES piece was "the easiest to research" yet. "From the moment I got on the road with Cosell to the moment I left, there was no getting rid of him," he explains. "I'd be sound asleep at seven a.m. when I'd hear him coming down the hall of the hotel singing 'I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter.' I'd try to ignore it, but there was just no mistaking that Cosell voice. There was no way to hide."

Recently, Greene has been traveling around with Alice Cooper to gather material for a book about what it's like to tour with a rock-and-roll band. He'll be playing with the group across the U.S. next month and in Europe during January—"shaking a tambourine or—who knows?"

Roger Simon, who reports on a new sex-education program built around comic books, was a twice-weekly columnist for the Waukegan *News-Sun* before moving to Chicago. At the *Sun-Times*, he's covered education and politics and now works on the paper's special investigative reporting team. He has won the Chicago Newspaper Guild Stick-of-Type award for financial investigative reporting and the Northern Illinois Press Association Award for feature writing. His NEW TIMES article is his first for a national magazine, and you'll be seeing more of his work in these pages very soon.

George A. Hirsch

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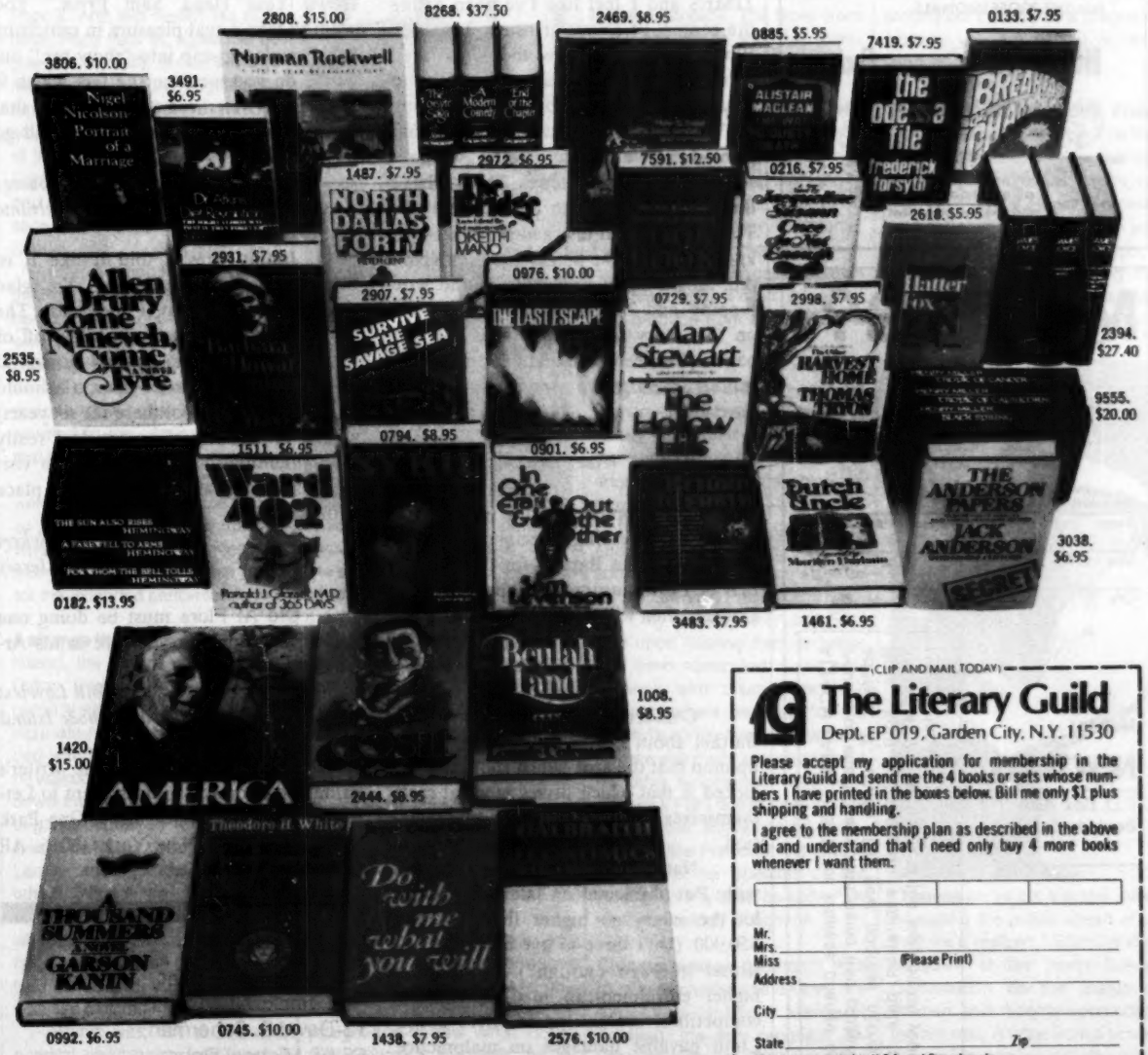

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LETTERS

Your first issue, speculating on the possibilities of Agnew's replacement, arrived here in the cornfields of Illinois *17 hours* after Agnew had resigned.

Is there any reason for this delay?

Hugh Rank
The cornfields of Illinois

I just finished issue #2 of NEW TIMES and I feel like I've been eating the centers of several Hostess Twinkies. Who needs it? You have the potential of being one of the best things to happen to journalism in the '70s, but you're blowing it. We need a national magazine that publishes well-thought-out, well-researched, important stories. That's what I thought you were up to. Who cares about Tom Hayden and his shadows? I want to know about all the illegal acts that Nixon did, all his agent provocateurs and wire tapping and burglarizing. Put someone on that story and give him at least 20 pages. We need a national magazine of serious investigative reporting—we don't have it yet.

Frank Rubinsky
Watertown, Massachusetts

Your approach to the news is different and refreshing. Special congratulations go to Joan Barthel for the fine article on health insurance. Hopefully some Congressmen will read it.

Joseph Micallahk
Ashland, Wisconsin

Concerning your story by Joan Barthel about health insurance, it is my opinion that the area which should be attacked is that which drives medical costs themselves so high: the medical profession.

National options I have come up with: Put physicians on salary, and don't let the salary go higher than $30,000-$50,000. (Isn't three to five times the national average enough?) Establish a higher enrollment in medical schools; competition usually forces prices down. Limit payable damages on malpractice suits.

Another possibility would be to set up a medical unit responsible for health in a certain area. The more people they have to treat, the less money they get, the emphasis being on preventive medicine.

Eric Starbuck
Kent, Ohio

I was favorably impressed with your new magazine until I read "Hang Down Your Head, Sam Ervin." You seem to take a real pleasure in criticizing Mr. Ervin's ego-trip into "show biz," but where do you mention the fact which is reported in *Newsweek* (Oct. 22, 1973) that profits from the Senator's record will go to charity?

Carol A. Roussey
Coatesville, Pennsylvania

Jimmy Breslin told it like it is. Ridgewood is what he said. I'm glad someone realized that it does exist. The sidewalks are clean enough to eat off of and women do pass around gossip at Miraculous Medal after mass (I should know I went to school there for six years), and in celebration of an article I really could identify with, I am going to visit that place, after all it's the greatest place in the world.

Edward van Eckert
Menlo Park, New Jersey

Old Al Flora must be doing one hell of a business down there in his Arbutus, Maryland bar.

Bill Loveless
Cranston, Rhode Island

Letters to the Editor, with the writer's name and address, should be sent to Letters, NEW TIMES Magazine, One Park Ave., New York, New York 10016. All letters are subject to abridgment.

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The Insider

THE WORD

Ford's son tells why Dad won't run in '76

It doesn't take a sophisticated ad man to figure out that the most prized personal testimonial for a commercial would have to be the Pope's. And last month His Holiness, Pope Paul VI, agreed to do one—for the faith, of course. After five months of secret negotiations between the Vatican, a Quebec advertising agency and the office of the Propagation of the Faith in Canada, the Pope taped a 45-second radio spot to spread the message of brotherhood on Mission Sunday.

After a smooth first reading, the Pontiff—who is fluent in a number of languages—noted there were no specific references to his audience as Canadians. He would do it all again, he decreed. On the second take, His Holiness so warmed to the *Amis Canadiens* that he went one minute overtime.

Obviously none of the ad men were about to tell the Pope to cut, so the 18 Quebec radio stations who agreed to carry the message free of charge had to make room for the extended performance.

A strange thing happened to John Niland, the All-Pro guard for the Dallas Cowboys, while he was recently sitting in his home, watching a late-night television rock concert with friends. All of a sudden, he walked out of the house and ran down the middle of the street. He began to speak in tongues, and visions of Dallas head coach Tom Landry and Pat Boone, among others, leaped through his head. Coming upon the house of a Jewish rabbi, the 245-pound lineman began pounding on the door. Police arrived and, after a struggle, wrestled him into handcuffs.

Niland was not drunk and hospital psychiatrists who examined him found no mental disorders. "What they didn't understand," Niland said later, "was that I was having an intense religious experience."

"I admire Jane Fonda as an actress, but when it comes to politics she's all wet, off base. She's not good for the country." So says Kirby Holmes, a freshman in the Michigan House of Representatives, who has introduced a bill to ban Fonda from Michigan. Holmes, formerly a high school civics teacher, represents 306 square miles of truck farms, an hour's drive northeast of Detroit. He doesn't expect his bill will pass. "Quite frankly, I know this bill is unconstitutional. It's just my way of telling her to go bag it." Back to your civics class, Holmes.

First it was the Kennedy's kids, then the kids of various permissive senators and governors, and now the problem has even hit inside the straight-and-narrow White House staff. George S. Buzhardt, the 20-year-old son of White House special counsel Fred J. Buzhardt, was busted recently in Columbia, S.C., while driving a car allegedly containing 13 pounds of grass. He was charged with possession and intent to distribute. The word from the White House was "no comment."

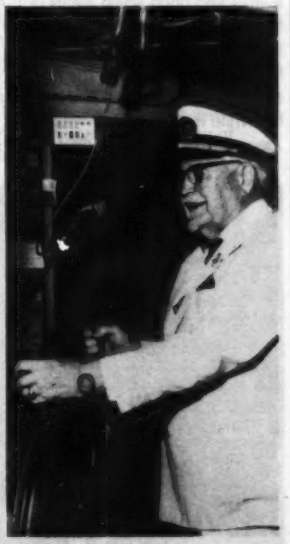
Even if Henry Aaron must wait until next year to break Babe Ruth's home-run record, he has no intention of waiting that long to cash in. Aaron will join Sidney Poitier, Bill Cosby, Harry Belafonte, Flip Wilson and Richard Pryor—to make a comedy film called *Uptown Saturday Night*. Poitier will direct and produce from an idea of his own.

John Gardner Ford, a 21-year-old forestry student at Utah State University, shares an old house with three other young men and several dogs, accommodations which are typically collegiate—wall-to-wall posters, a sink full of dirty dishes and blaring rock music. He is the son of Gerald Ford, Nixon's choice for his new Vice President.

"My first reaction," Jack Ford said upon hearing that his father had been nominated, "was exuberance and disappointment." Disappointment because "of the pressure on my family." Whatever anyone else might speculate about his father running for President in '76, Jack Ford doesn't see it. "My father never aspired to be President or Vice President. He always wanted to be Speaker of the House." In any case, he adds, "My mother wouldn't let him run."

Chinese women apparently tend to hide themselves when they are expecting—unlike Margaret Trudeau, the very pregnant 24-year-old wife of the Canadian Prime Minister who traveled along with her husband on his recent China trip. Suggesting that Chinese women still had a way to go in liberating themselves, Chou en Lai told Mrs. Trudeau: "By going around our country as a pregnant woman, you are setting an example for our women."

The story of Kentucky Fried Chicken's Col. Sanders will be the next in a series of film biographies of famous Americans produced and directed by Roger Corman, who is better known for such exploitation-oriented films as *Bloody Mama* and *The Trip*. Calling the film, *Life Begins at 65*, Corman has offered the lead to another successful old-timer, Bob Hope.



"I guess we've got a bigger job of educating the public ahead of us than we'd realized," Ellie Kilander, president of the North Dakota Commission on the Status of Women, said recently upon opening her mail. A letter from a school girl asking information about the women's rights group began: "Dear Sirs."

POWER POLITICS

Haig takes over as Nixon spokesman; Democrats' reform hurts Kennedy; And Spiro gets inked out

The Insider

Perhaps the key signal that the Arabs were not out this time around to totally destroy Israel was the fact they made no threat upon the Israeli nuclear-weapons factories in the Negeb. "If the Russians and the Egyptians were going for the jugular," said one American mideast intelligence officer, "these plants would have been hit first and hard and the Israelis know that."

When the U.S. supplied Israel with Hawk anti-aircraft missiles during the Kennedy administration, part of the deal was that selected U.S. scientists would be allowed to inspect the Israeli nuclear reactors. After the Hawks were delivered, the Israelis unilaterally cancelled the inspection. Nevertheless intelligence officials are unanimous in their belief that the Israelis have nuclear weapons—the only question is how many.

The latest report from Washington is that Mel Laird is unhappy about the recent turn of events and once again wants out. Apparently he is suffering the same fate as former White House counselor John Connally: Nixon is not listening to him. One of the first things Laird suggested to the President upon becoming his White House adviser was to get rid of Ron Ziegler. But now, according to Pat Buchanan, among others, press secretary Ziegler is one of Nixon's top advisers.

And as the controversial Ziegler spends more time behind closed doors, the White House chief of staff, Gen. Alexander Haig, will begin spending more time out in the open. Haig is viewed by White House advisers, including Ziegler, as "clean-cut, handsome, articulate, a good TV personality and projecting the kind of demeanor that appeals to middle America." Therefore the President has given him the go ahead to appear on TV panel shows, to make himself freely accessible to reporters for interviews and to generally represent the White House during this period when efforts are being made to repair the President's credibility.

While the Republicans have been publicly tearing themselves apart, the Democrats have been privately putting themselves back together. As a concession to reformers, the Democratic Delegate Selection Commission adopted proportional representation as the means of choosing delegates to the next Democratic convention. Instead of the primary victor walking away with all of a state's delegates, he will now be able to take only the percentage he actually wins. If he gets 60 percent of the votes in a state primary or convention, he gets only 60 percent of the state's delegates. The rest are divided up among the other candidates in proportion to the votes they receive.

Despite the fact that the old system had helped George McGovern get the nomination last year, he supported the new reform. The man hurt the most by it will be Teddy Kennedy. His strategy to sew up the big industrial states in 1976 now becomes a little more complicated. And the man who gains the most? George Wallace, not to mention any other special-interest candidates. Wallace can now combine his voting blocks in the northern industrial states with his strength in the South to at least call some shots when it comes to convention bargaining. "The reformers not only put themselves in a box and nailed it shut," says one Southern congressman, "they drove the nails through their hands."

In the Orwellian atmosphere that has settled over Washington, Spiro T. Agnew has become an "unperson." With a few members of his staff, he has quietly moved into a renovated government-owned townhouse—originally intended for the use of former presidents—to prepare his Vice-Presidential papers for the archives. Otherwise all traces of Agnew are quickly being wiped out throughout official and unofficial Washington. On Capitol Hill—where Agnew's name, as President of the Senate, appeared on the top of the poster boards which list the office and phone numbers of senators and representatives—his name has been inked out by building guards and congressional staffers. In one Senate elevator, the operator gouged Agnew's name out of the cardboard.

At the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, "The President and Mrs. Nixon" still appear as the holders of box number one for the Tuesday evening subscription concerts of the National Symphony Orchestra, but the October program had to be reset to eliminate "The Vice President and Mrs. Agnew" on top of the list of Wednesday boxholders.

Henry "Scoop" Jackson (D-Wash.) is the "most effective" and Jacob Javits (R-NY.) is the "brightest" senator on Capitol Hill. Robert Byrd (D-W. Va.) is the "hardest working" and Philip Hart (D-Mich.) has the "most integrity" of any current senator. Such are some of the results in a survey of legislative assistants in all 100 senatorial offices conducted by the Ralph Nader-affiliated Capitol Hill News Service.

The "least effective" senators, according to the Nader group, are Mike Gravel (D-Alaska), William Scott (R-Va.) and Vance Hartke (D-Ind.). Scott also ran away with the vote for "the least bright."

ALIVE AND WELL

Health, medicine and science: Dispute over cancer findings; Loophole in FDA vitamin regulations

The Insider

Kissing can lead to a lot of problems, but the common cold is not one of them. That's the good news from a recent study by a team of investigators from the University of Virginia Medical School. Apparently the cold virus does not feel at home on the mucous membranes lining the mouth. The bad news, of course, is that you still have to share colds with the people you are close to—and some you meet just for the first time. Carriers tend to spread colds by blowing their noses and then

leaving the virus on just about anything they touch—kitchen counters, subway handles or, worse, somebody else's hand—where it can persist for hours, even in dry form. The innocent bystander arrives on the scene, touches the infected surface, and soon finds occasion to rub his eyes or nose. And for the cold virus, the eye and nose membranes, unlike the mouth, are fat city.

Research scientists are accustomed to working isolated from the public eye and to keeping their findings secret until the full test results are in. But aren't there times when the disclosure of incomplete findings—even considering the risks—would make sense, particularly to help people whose lives might be saved by some of these findings and who don't have the time to wait?

This issue is now embroiling the National Cancer Institute, heavily endowed by President Nixon's war on cancer. Despite the criticism that any diversion of funds from research to delivery of limited results would slow the eventual cure of cancer, the NCI has now selected seven primary hospitals to collaborate with 120 community hospitals across the country in bringing what is known about the latest treatments to a greater share of the American population. By using sophisticated chemotherapy techniques, NCI Director Frank S. Rauscher points out, 10 types of cancer can be effectively controlled today, and not enough people are making use of this knowledge.

But aside from the intramural dispute among cancer researchers, an even more bitter controversy is developing in the nation's entire science and medical establishment: is the emphasis on cancer research draining what little funds there are from other equally pressing fields of research?

Mrs. Joan Chelkowski, a 40-year-old pregnant housewife, sat in the waiting room of Pittsburgh's Magee-Womens Hospital reading an article about acupuncture. She was suddenly approached by hospital authorities who asked if she wanted to try out acupuncture herself. Apparently they needed a guinea pig to determine if acupuncture could be used to ease labor pains. She agreed.

Dr. Ezzat Abou-Eish, who had learned about the practice last year during an anesthesiology seminar in Japan, stuck eight needles in her lower abdomen about eight hours before delivery. Mrs. Chelkowski laughed and joked throughout. When her six-pound, 12-ounce girl was born, she announced she "felt great" and the hospital immediately claimed it was the first time in the country that a woman had successfully bypassed labor pains with the use of acupuncture.

More than 200 people who registered at the Burns Court Motel in Port Lavaca, Tex., around the time the man next door caught cholera last August, have been tracked down around the country by the U.S. Center for Disease Control. The cholera germ was found in the man's septic tank and then it was discovered that the motel's sewage system had been leaking into a common well that supplied water to the motel and the man's house. The patient, the first American case of cholera in the last 62 years, has recovered completely, the motel has closed down, and so far none of the guests contacted have caught the disease.

The Center says that the Texas case has no connection to the epidemic that hit Naples last summer: the Italian and Texan germs are not the same. However, they *are* distant cousins—both are subtypes of the El Tor strain of cholera which over the last 10 years has spread out of Southeast Asia, across India and the Middle East, to Africa and now into Europe. Cholera does not pose a serious threat to the U.S., the Public Health Service assures us, because of our superior medical and sanitation facilities. At least outside of Port Lavaca.

The FDA's new regulations on the sale of vitamin A and D, which went into effect October 1, are predictably not going down well with vitamin freaks. Protest signs were quickly posted at health-food stores and several health-food organizations have threatened to sue. To buy a bottle of large-dosage vitamin A or D pills, the regulations now require a doctor's prescription. Too much vitamin A can cause an increase of pressure inside the skull, not unlike the sensation from a brain tumor. Too much vitamin D can lead to excessive calcium concentrations in the body, causing bone deformities and, in children, retarding physical and mental growth. A loophole in the regulations, however, makes the whole fuss a bit unnecessary. There is nothing to stop someone from buying all the small-dosage vitamin A and D he wants—as long as the pills are small.

ILLUSTRATION BY WARREN FEDULLO

CONSUMER ACTION

The other White House tapes; Artificial turf fires up NFL players; Forbes' hot air could heat a house

The Insider

One of the reasons President Nixon held out so long on turning over the Watergate tapes was his fear that he would open the door to court orders for other White House tapes—some that might cause him unneeded additional trouble. Case in point is the dairy deal. On March 23, 1971, Nixon met with 16 leaders of the dairy farmers lobby. Two days later, then Secretary of Agriculture Clifford Hardin reversed a ruling he had handed down only 13 days before and granted the dairy industry a price-support hike. The farmers reportedly contributed well over $400,000 to the Nixon re-election campaign, an investment that appears to have paid off handsomely: for each dollar contributed to the campaign, consumers have put $1,500 more into the dairy industry's pocket.

Ralph Nader's lawyers had previously gone after Nixon's tapes of the White House dairy meeting to find out if the President had worked out a *quid pro quo*. But it was Archibald Cox who successfully convinced the courts that the Nader request should be put aside until the matter of the Watergate tapes was resolved. Now the Nader people are getting ready to go back into court.

The dangers of playing on artificial turf so infuriate the Redskins' Larry Brown and the Chiefs' Ed Podolak that they are willing to strike over the issue right now. A recent survey of the NFL players showed that 85 percent of them don't like to play on synthetic ground (the few that do are linemen). And now that the Consumer Products Safety Commission has denied the petition by the NFL Players Association asking a halt in further installation of artificial turf, it looks like the players are planning to go on strike over it next year when their union contract expires.

"The ruling was the commission's first opportunity to make a significant decision, one made for the consumer even when up against powerful economic interests like Monsanto and the 3M Company who opposed us," said the Players Association executive director Ed Garvey. "It shows you can't expect much of the commission unless it's improving something like bicycles."

Artificial turf is in use today on about

150 high school, college and pro football fields, including 13 NFL stadiums. The NFL players maintain it causes more concussions, knee and ankle injuries, shoulder separations and burns than natural grass. "We're not out to make the world sterile and safe," the Commission's counsel, Michael Brown, told NEW TIMES. "All we can do is eliminate unreasonable risks. The data on injuries supplied to us showed that the difference between grass and artificial turf was not so great as to be unreasonable."

"We're professionals," Garvey said, "and we will take care of this through collective bargaining. All I want to know is what happens to the high school and college kids?"

Jackson Hole, Wyo.—While the rest of the nation below was bracing itself against natural gas and heating oil shortages this winter, the millionaire publisher of *Forbes* Magazine was burning up 600 pounds of butane each day as he merrily piloted his gigantic hot air balloon ship over the country. That's enough to heat a two-bedroom house in the dead of winter.

Malcolm Forbes, who began his trip at Coos Bay, Ore., was trying to make the first coast-to-coast flight in a hot air balloon. Why? His son Robert, greeting his father at a stop-over here, let us in on some of the fun: "Dad likes to blow his money on something exciting. You might says he's the last of the fun-loving millionaires."— Mike Sellett

The Consumer Products Safety Commission is signing up 1,000 citizen "consumer deputies" to check stores across the country for unsafe toys. . . . The FTC has launched a pilot investigation to find out whether the nation's undertakers are charging inflated prices and selling unneeded services. . . . The EPA announced that a 1973 Chevrolet Impala with a combustion system modified by Japan's Honda Motor Co. is the first American-made car to meet the 1975 exhaust-control standards. . . . Sixty percent of all consumer-insurance complaints in New York State involve auto policies or settlements, according to the New York State Insurance Department. . . . Wyoming's Supreme Court ruled that computers are not the last word in court suits: "It is a frightening prospect to think that a person could be sued for services rendered and have the plaintiff base his claim solely upon a recapitulation of computer printout sheets."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JERRY ZIMMERMAN

OFF THE RECORD

TV stations ban political slogans; The Washington *Post*'s gamble; Sportscaster hustled and fired

The Insider

Theodore H. White's quadrennial film documentary *The Making of the President* (for Time-Life Films) will be much tougher on Nixon this year than was his book. Executive producer Jack Beck spent the better part of the summer cajoling White—sometimes heatedly—to trade his most-favored journalist relationship with Nixon for a more measured view.

William Loeb, the arch conservative publisher of the Manchester, N.H., *Union Leader* and the most powerful voice in the state, may be considering a move from his Massachusetts home to New Hampshire. The reason: fewer blacks. In a recent front-page editorial attacking the burning murder of the woman in Boston, Loeb stated that it was "typical of the savagery of some of the blacks in this country. . . . It is because this newspaper wants to avoid this type of thing happening in New Hampshire that we are hopeful that the black population will never increase from its present minimal figure."

***Time* Magazine** turned a half-century old this year and, to celebrate, three generations of Time Incers recently fox-trotted and jitterbugged at a Golden Anniversary dinner at the Waldorf Astoria. As managing editor Henry Grunwald extolled *Time*'s new liberal ideology and called for more Watergate-style investigative reporting, former top editors on the dais shifted uncomfortably in their seats.

Following the lead of Ward Quaal, who is the general manager of TV stations in Chicago, Duluth and Denver, the Meyer Broadcasting Co. has decided to sell no political advertising of less than five minutes in length on its stations in North Dakota. "Slogans like 'Vote Republican' and 'Vote Democratic,' " says William Ekberg, Meyer Broadcasting president, "are merely repetitive and don't add to voters' knowledge of the issues on which they're deciding."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARK FRANKEL

The Miami *Herald* lost a second round in its battle against a 1913 state law requiring papers to provide equal space to any politician attacked editorially. The *Herald* had asked the Florida Supreme Court to reconsider its decision in a petition that cited 10 errors in the findings. *Amicus* briefs in support of the *Herald* came from as far away as the Chicago *Tribune*, but to no avail. *Herald* editor Don Shoemaker says the paper will appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court despite the cautioning judgment of one of the newspaper's lawyers who feels the highest court, given its political makeup, just might uphold the 60-year-old law, the First Amendment notwithstanding.

"No way we were going to be another Chicago *Tribune* coming out with a 'Dewey Wins' headline," said Washington *Post* managing editor Howard Simons. His paper, however, came right down to the line. Just before Nixon announced Gerald Ford as his nominee for Vice President, *Post* publisher Katharine Graham received a tip from someone in the Nixon administration that the next Veep would be Linwood Holton, the lame-duck Republican governor of Virginia who is a long-time backer of the President's. The *Post* quickly pulled in its Virginia reporters

and dummied up five pages on Vice President designate Holton.

Although copy for the first edition is due out of the newsroom around 8:30 p.m.—a half hour before Nixon made the announcement—it does not close hard until 10:30 p.m. "It was a gamble," Simons told NEW TIMES. "If we were right, we would have had an exclusive complete package on Holton for our first edition. If we were wrong, we would just have to scramble like everyone else." And scramble they did.

But several staffers say that what saved the *Post* from the *Tribune*'s fate, was a union slow down which held up the first edition.

Of the 1,111 persons hired by commercial stations in the last year, 78 percent were from ethnic minorities, according to the 1973 report on minority hiring in the TV industry issued by the United Church of Christ's Office of Communication. The report studied 584 commercial stations and 114 non-commercial stations. Of these, however, 125 reported no minority employees at all. The report also points out that public stations are ahead of commercial stations in hiring women.

Rod Luck, a burly Portland, Ore., sportscaster who built a large local audience around his reputation for George Plimpton-style stunts, has scored a new first—off camera. He was the first man to be charged under a new Oregon law which makes prostitution a crime for the "John" as well as the hooker. An undercover cop alleged he overheard Luck on a downtown Portland street dickering with a prostitute over the price of her services. Luck was charged with a misdemeanor and, incredibly, station KATU-TV promptly fired him. All the station told curious callers was that Luck's disappearance off the air was "due to circumstances beyond our control."

THE NEW TIMES GUIDE TO THE

arts

At the movies

The Way We Were. Arthur Laurents wrote and Sydney Pollack directed this lamentable *Strawberry Statement* for the blacklist generation. As junky as the film is, it holds your attention far longer than it should for the simple reason that stars Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford are great together—the erotic apotheosis of the Jew/goy couplings that have become a stock-in-trade of American movies.

American Graffiti. The time is 1962, the place a medium-sized town in northern California. A graduating group of high-school friends stays up all night to race their cars, make out, cruise, dance, fight, drink and say goodbyes. In George Lucas' film—the best American movie of the year so far—the last gasp of an era is frozen, literally and figuratively, in time and space. (A year later an assassination, a war and a long-haired British rock group would rip apart this world of grease, complacency and virtue.) While the period details are all perfect, what moves this movie beyond nostalgia is its compassion for the characters and its feel for a society closed off from reality by innocence, provincialism and a late summer night.

Mean Streets. A film of decent intentions and real integrity about the ambiance and aspirations of Manhattan's Little Italy—a community that is here defined by a few bars, an old-world ethic and the Catholic Church. Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel play two on-the-make hoods with naturalistic flair, but director Martin Scorsese has not found a way to dramatize the tedium of his characters' existence without inflicting it on the audience.

Day for Night. A disturbing, resonant and often hysterically funny comedy about movies and the people who make them. For director Francois Truffaut and star Jean-Pierre Leaud, this film is not only the summation of a remarkable long-time collaboration but one of its greatest triumphs.

Star Walter Matthau with *Charley Varrick*'s director Don Siegel: the film moves.

Charley Varrick. Don Siegel (*Invasion of the Body Snatchers, Madigan*) directed this largely exhilarating action movie. While there is still little room for uppity women and the formalities of search warrants in the director's scheme of things, this film's political slant is benign compared to the hard right-wing line of his last picture, *Dirty Harry*. Walter Matthau applies his best W.C. Fields-style irony to the title role, a bank-robbing crop duster who bills himself as "the last of the independents," naturally he turns out to be smarter than the Mafioso and sheriff's deputies who yap at his heels. Joe Don Baker makes a grim cowboy hit man and Woodrow Parfrey is a memorable bundle of nerves as a small-town banker. But Siegel's the reason for the film's success; he can make a movie move in ways directors like Furie (*Hit!*) and Zinneman (*Day of the Jackal*) can only dream about.

Bang the Drum Slowly. A confused adaptation of the Mark Harris '50s baseball novel about a dying catcher and a pitcher who is his best friend. Director John Hancock never gets a real hold on the clubhouse milieu or the story and likes to substitute slow-motion "lyricism" for a close-up look at the characters and their sorrow. Phil Foster and Selma Diamond show up to do some pointless Borscht Belt *shtick*, but Robert De Niro, as the dumb but kind catcher, and Vincent Gardenia, a great character actor here cast as an eccentric baseball manager, make up for a lot.

Cops and Robbers. Two cops pull a $10-million heist in this peculiar caper picture. The suspense isn't unbearable and director

Aram Avakian's stately shooting style is often at odds with the New Yorkese humor of Donald Westlake's script. But when it all clicks—as in one sequence involving Shepperd Strudwick as a Wall Street banker held captive in his own antiseptic office—the movie presents an ingenuous portrait of '70s defeatism. Joe Bologna and Cliff Gorman are fine and likeable as the much put-upon heroes.

Jonathan Livingston Seagull. A real-life nature film. Strictly for the birds and their most devoted watchers.

The New Land. Jan Troell's sequel to *The Emigrants*, in which the Swedes settle 19th century Minnesota. The characters are humorless and bland, but Troell's driving, visceral narrative makes the old legend powerful at times. Max von Sydow gives a performance of immense ambiguity and Liv Ullmann suffers a lot.

The Grande Bouffe. Four friends eat themselves to death in this gross comedy directed by Marco Ferreri. Mastroianni, Michel Piccoli, Ugo Tognazzi and especially Philippe Noiret do upstage the fabulous Fauchon feast, but food-as-sex has been done with more wit by Tony Richardson in films like *Tom Jones* and *The Loved One*.

Jeremy. A sensitive, cello-playing Jewish high-school sophomore falls in love with a Waspy ballerina junior in this sloshy Arthur Barron picture. Everyone in the film is so damn good and wise that the closest we get to evil is a brief sequence in which some tipsy adults are caught playing—gasp—Monopoly. While the movie pretends to be about love and growing up, it's really about the joys of being young, gifted and rich on the Upper East Side. As such, the film has more in common with Kay Thompson's *Eloise* books and George Roy Hill's *World of Henry Orient* than with J.D. Salinger. Nothing wrong in that, but the fun in *Jeremy* is spoiled by the righteous humorlessness of it all.

Electra Glide in Blue. Transcendental double-talk, a murder mystery, leather-and-cycle sadism and abundant references to the films of Ford, Antonioni, Peter Watkins and Dennis Hopper come together to no particular end in this excessive exercise in ego-gratification by director-composer James William Guercio. On occasion star Robert Blake rises above the dreck.

Heavy Traffic. Ralph Bakshi's animated, surreal view of a lonely underground New York populated by society's outs. Bakshi would like to offend everyone, but he's a hyped-up square at heart. The settings—sometimes drawn around '50s footage of Manhattan—provide a mysterious and eerie backdrop for the goings-on.

The Paper Chase. *Love Story* revisited minus the story. The setting is Harvard Law School, but most of the film was shot in Toronto. It might as well be Philadelphia for all this movie has to do with its environment or real people. Timothy Bottoms stars, and James Bridges takes credit for the screenplay and direction.

What? An admirable but tedious fantasy from Roman Polanski, all about a hitchhiking American Alice-in-Wonderland adrift in a world where nothing makes sense anymore. The level of comic invention descends rapidly after the first 10 minutes, but Sydne Rome is perfection as the heroine.

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams. A menopausal couple attempts to come to terms with a rather conventional past, a homosexual son and their love for each other in this perfectly awful drama by Stewart Stern, who wrote *Rachel, Rachel*. Director Gilbert Cates tries desperately to come off as an American Ingmar Bergman, but this film has more in common with stale soap than with *Wild Strawberries*. Joanne Woodward and Martin Balsam struggle valiantly as the leads.

The Inheritor. A thriller by Philippe Labro (*Without Apparent Motive*), featuring the effortlessly suave Jean Paul Belmondo as a philandering press magnate caught in a web of neo-Nazi intrigue and murder. The film is so ambitious in its attempts to evoke Scott Fitzgerald and *Citizen Kane*, and in its gimmicky editing and stylish asides about magazine and TV journalism that the reasonably exciting story evaporates at times. But if you disregard the clutter, the movie's classy settings and wit will carry you along. The star gets good support from Carla Gravina, Jean Rochefort and the ubiquitous Charles Denner.

In books

A Different Woman *by Jane Howard* (Dutton, 413 pp., $7.95). Poet Muriel Ruykeyser once asked what would happen if just one woman told the truth about herself—and answered: "The world would split open." In *A Different Woman*, Jane Howard tells the truth about herself. The book is the product of two years of crisscrossing the country and asking a lot of women to reveal the truth about their lives and loves, and Ms. Howard has written a perceptive, controlled and often very funny account of "the inescapable tidal wave" of feminism sweeping the nation. It should register high on most women's private Richter scales.

The Dogs Bark: Public People and Private Places *by Truman Capote* (Random House, 419 pp., $8.95). Thirty pieces from the master that have appeared elsewhere and, served up together, are meant presumably to show that his style has changed and grown over the years. Well, maybe. Alas, there is scarcely a surprise among these literary leftovers that will have to bide us until Capote's next superwork, the eagerly awaited novel *Answered Prayers*, is ready.

How To Save Your Life *by Earl Ubell* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 308 pp., $7.50). A cool, constantly informing, belly-to-belly re-

Jane Howard: registers high on most women's private Richter scales.

port on our fondest—and most lethal—vices. Veteran science writer Ubell urges us to cut down or stop smoking (cold turkey is best), to eat less and better (hello, halibut, Brussels sprouts and skim milk; goodbye, bacon, gimlets and Baskin-Robbins); to start and continue exercising (our hearts and lungs, not just our gut and butt muscles), and to avoid every drug we can from aspirin to cocaine. Though he is little interested in *why* we have fallen upon such errant ways and offers rigidly programmatic steps to salvation, Ubell may literally be a lifesaver. If you cannot resist a weekly tryst with your neighborhood Carvel dispenser, he will at least have you jogging there and back till blessed abstinence arrives.

The Anderson Papers *by Jack Anderson* (Random House, 275 pp., $6.95). Give ace muckraker Anderson a smidgin of dirt and, using tact, bluff, guile, guts and every contact he cultivates among the walking wounded of the political meatgrinder, he'll tattoo you to the Washington Monument by week's end. This lumpy, casually carpentered book selects four of the stories that Anderson & Co. has pursued of late—the gall of ITT, the invasion of the Bureau of Indian Affairs by Indian militants, the phantom drunk-driving record of Tom Eagleton (an undocumented smear, the author acknowledges), and the Nixon Administration's covert brinkmanship over the East Pakistan revolution—and shows their *modus operandi.* Strong evidence of why Jack Anderson is a valuable national resource.

A Fairy Tale of New York *by J.P. Donleavy* (Delacorte, 341 pp., $8.95). *The Ginger Man* man is back in form: antic, frantic, manic. Indeed, the pioneer black-humorist is still into his curious style: He writes. A lot. Like this. Thus: Cornelius Christian. American. Noncollege graduate. Foster child. Comes to New York on a boat from England. His wife dies. Bad taste. To do that. On a boat. Cornelius owes money. To the shipping company. To the mortician. Must pay back. Things don't go well for Cornelius in the big rich grey loveless ruthless city, but with surreal zaniness and a rather fibrous whimsy, he perseveres. Somehow, very *deja vu.*

Portrait of a Marriage: V. Sackville-West & Harold Nicolson *by Nigel Nicolson* (Atheneum, 249 pp., $10). Vita Sackville-West was a hauntingly beautiful woman, full-breasted, gypsy-eyed, and eventually a lover of Virginia Woolf's. She was a novelist, a poet, and grew up at Knole, the largest privately owned home in England (the *house* covered four acres). Married at 20 to a handsome young diplomat, Harold Nicolson, at 23 she felt compelled to speak with her mother about his sexual coldness; he preferred, it turned out, young men (he would later refer to her affairs as "your muddles"; she to his as "your fun"). Between April of 1918 and the autumn of 1921, V. Sackville-West scandalized upper-class England by openly and flamboyantly carrying on a tempestuous love affair with another woman, Violet Trefusis. Throughout, Harold stood by her, constant, supportive, an enviable source of love and understanding—a union that would endure and grow for 49 years. *Portrait of a Marriage,* comprised of the memoirs Vita secretly wrote at the painful end of her affair with Violet, with tasteful commentary by her son, Nigel Nicolson, is an astounding, emotionally wrenching book. It may be—with the exception of *Sappho was a Right-On Woman*—the most important book yet to have appeared about lesbian love.

Malcolm Lowry. A Biography *by Douglas Day* (Oxford University Press, 425 pp., $10). Malcolm Lowry's life was one long hell on earth, and from its fire and ashes he composed *Under the Volcano,* considered one of the great novels of the century. A puzzling work to many, it will be more easily unravelled by reference to Mr. Day's vivid account of Lowry's odyssey of self-destruction. We trail him from England to Mexico, California, New York, Vancouver and back to England, attracting en route legions of admirers (Conrad Aiken the most notable) with his considerable wit and charm. Alcohol dogged him all the way, though, along with a suicidal bent that he finally could not deny.

Wilt: Just Like Any Other 7-Foot Black Millionaire Who Lives Next Door *by Wilt Chamberlain and David Shaw* (Macmillan, 310 pp., $6.95). The Big Dipper, as he likes to be called (call him Stilt to his face and he may stuff you), leads the league in paranoia, too, as it turns out in this autobiography of an athletic immortal. He wins a measure of empathy as he speaks out against being thought a freak, a Superjock who's supposed to do it all every time out, and A Loser because he's so naturally gifted fans expect his team to win the title every season. But Wilt's bitching is endless and, coupled with his conspicuous consumption (a million-dollar house, a $30,000 Bentley, $3,000 antelope suits), conspicuous womanizing (he likes them pretty, leggy and biracial), and conspicuous candor (digs at Bill Russell, Jerry West, Elgin Baylor, Kareem Abdul Jabbar, Gail Goodrich *et al.*, the lowdown on his lowdown coaches, how he copes with owners), basketball's Main Man emerges as an honest, courageous, sexist, spendthrift, thoroughly vulnerable human being. Too little here about how the pro game really works, too much patting on his own large back.

Beulah Land *by Lonnie Coleman* (Doubleday, 552 pp., $8.95). This decade-spanning Dixie Gothic combines the oddest elements of Beverly Hills Biblical and antebellum Southern Freud to produce a truly trivial book. It sold to the paperbacks for the largest price any novel ever received, notwithstanding its cast of onionskin characters, predictable cycles of births, weddings and deaths (by hangings, throat-slitting, yellow fever and choking on a fishbone), and an enterprising variety of sexual interludes (including interracial, gay, incestuous and solitary). Not to be confused with *Gone With the Wind,* despite the publisher's claims to that effect.

Economics and the Public Purpose *by John Kenneth Galbraith* (Houghton Mifflin, 334 pp., $10). "Left to themselves, economic forces do not work out for the best except perhaps for the powerful," our shrewdest and boldest Establishment economist asserts as he comes out of the closet and unabashedly urges socialism for the softest areas of the economy (e.g., the housing, health and mass-transit industries), which he says are halfway there already, but are botching the job. Though the first two-thirds of the book are an elegant rehash of the Galbraithean overview (from *American Capitalism* and *The New Industrial State*) that our economic system is utterly dominated by a few hundred corporate leviathans, the last part is a daring, forceful and lucid blueprint for correcting massive inequities in American society. His proposals on wages (chop at the top, raise the bottom), interest rates (low and fixed), and the tax structure (the feds get far too much) will rile fat cats mightily no doubt, though they are aimed at reducing the volatility of U.S. industrial performance. In his most programmatic work to date, Galbraith urges the moguls to drop the sacrosanct concept that growth per se is progress, to stop being neurotic about the term "socialism" and to admit that there are some things that American private enterprise can't do (or doesn't want to because it doesn't pay) that gravely affect all our lives.

North Dallas Forty *by Peter Gent* (Morrow, 314 pp., $7.95). Gent, who never could go deep worth a damn as a pass receiver for the Cowboys, has gone very deep here as a novelist. From sex, violence and physical pain, he shapes a furious, funky and funny story of a man's mental anguish to survive in a world he despises but can't let go of. The last playing days of a Dallas offensive end named Phil Elliott are played back in an indictment of the exploitive commercial aspects of pro football. Elliott manages to suit up only by regularly raising high the roofbeams of his head—with codeine, booze, grass, speed, fear or any combination thereof, all the while trying to figure out what he's really after. "Happiness would be nice and it's a swell goal," he tells his girl, when pressed, "but all I want right now is to know. To know whether I'm happy or unhappy, it don't matter which, I just want to know which I am."

Cruel and Unusual: The Supreme Court and Capital Punishment *by Michael Meltsner* (Random House, 338 pp., $8.95). Abolition of the death penalty has not been a popular cause in an era when law-and-order vigilantes have yipped for blood. More credit, then, to the heroically persistent band of *probono* young lawyers, led by an intellectual dynamo named Tony Amsterdam, who spent nine years staying the hangman's noose from nearly 600 necks while they battled in court after court, state after state, against a centuries-old tradition. Eye-for-an-

eye may be Biblically symmetrical, suggests Meltsner in this instructive narrative, but it does not bring humanity to an arbitrary and capricious criminal justice process. In 1972, the Supreme Court surprisingly agreed.

On records

For Everyman *Jackson Browne* (Asylum). Brilliant second album from the finest young songwriter around. Painstakingly assembled and long overdue, but more than worth the wait. Title cut is an introspective masterpiece, 'Ready Or Not' a wonderfully ironic rocker, 'These Times You've Come' a love song of heartbreaking poignancy. Includes definitive versions of some of his earlier songs and a superb update of 'Take It Easy,' the Eagles' hit which Browne co-wrote. One of a kind, and not to be missed.

Takin' My Time *Bonnie Raitt* (Warner Bros.). Not up to her last one, but that voice carries her through anything. The problem is with material; the album shifts moods a bit too dizzyingly, from calypso to blues to Randy Newman, plus old Motown and old rock. Beautifully performed, though, especially Newman's 'Guilty.'

Orleans (ABC/Dunhill). Debut album by the best new live band around; not quite up to their concert sets, but it'll give you an idea of why they're such a showstopper. Music readily outstrips their lyrics, with John Hall's tight guitar-playing the group's foremost musical asset.

Mady Mesplé, Coloratura Arias from French Opera *Paris Opera Orchestra, Jean-Pierre Marty, Cond.* (Seraphim). Ms. Mesplé is currently being pushed as the French answer to the coloratura repertoire; as this early recording demonstrates, she is not. Mesplé's phrasing is metronomic and her voice monochromatic. While offering some beautiful high tones, her technique is sloppy at times and her voice tends to "hollow out" in the middle and lower registers. Unless addicted to birdie-sopranos, pass this one by.

Spectrum *Billy Cobham* (Atlantic). After years of watching thump-a-day rock drummers draw standing ovations for next to nothing, we're happy to see a fine jazz drummer like Billy Cobham sock it to the rock circuit—sparking bands like Dreams and the Mahavishnu Orchestra, and spoiling naive tastebuds for good. This album, his first as a leader, shows clearly how Cobham does it: with complex timing and controlled strength as opposed to boom-boom and a few tricks. The context is hard electric music rather than rock *or* jazz, and in that category (with Tony Williams out of it lately), Billy's the best.

Don't Cry Now *Linda Ronstadt* (Asylum). Previously unfulfilled potential finally comes to fruition; the album she's been waiting to make all these years. Beautifully produced,

Your cold.
Your choice. Don't guess.
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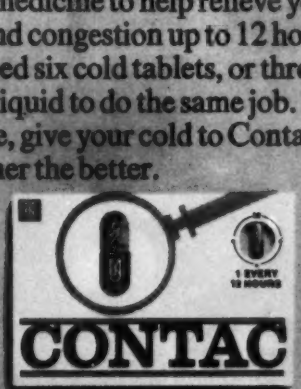

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with most of the material perfectly suited to her emotional range; even material that doesn't exactly fit is so well handled you may not even notice. Linda's 'Desperado' is breathtaking, as are her versions of producer J.D. Souther's 'The Fast One' and Neil Young's 'I Believe In You.'

Goodbye Yellow Brick Road *Elton John* (MCA). Mr. Electricity, still in his hard-rock phase, continues to triumph over even the most banal of Bernie Taupin's lyrics (on Marilyn Monroe: 'Loneliness was tough'). Double album, solid but slightly padded, successfully mixes in loud campy rockers with some lovely ballads, plus a touch of reggae that's almost as trendy as Elton's taste in glad rags.

Time Fades Away *Neil Young* (Warner Bros.). Live album from last year's concert tour, with a marked change in style—this one is rough, raw and abrasive, with an agonized sound and one of Neil's all-time great songs, 'Don't Be Denied.' As adventuresome as it is uneven, ranging from the sedate ('Journey Through The Past') through the raucous, plus a touch or two of outright hysteria ('Yonder Stands The Sinner'), a fascinating departure.

My Maria. *B.W. Stevenson* (RCA). B.W. didn't write the Three Dog Night hit 'Shambala,' although he released an earlier (by about three weeks) version. But he located Danny Moore, who did write it, and they coauthored the title gem of this album. B.W.'s best material is borrowed, but he's a wonderfully expressive singer, blending soulful strains of country and pop with deceptive ease. He's from Texas, and his first name is actually Buckwheat.

Maria Muldaur (Warner Bros.). Brilliant, long-awaited solo debut from the former Kweskin Jug Band vocalist and New England heartthrob. By turns slinky, seductive, raunchy or wry, Maria runs through nonstop fabulous material, supplying as many moods as there are songs, and always underplaying her style just enough to keep things interesting. Beautifully produced, aided immeasurably by some of the best backup musicians anywhere.

Billy Cobham: power drumming with a hair-trigger.

Full Moon *Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge* (A & M). They're in love, they just got married, and they're so laid-back they're practically singing in their sleep. Ultra-sweet lyrics dwell relentlessly on an 'Until the End of Time' motif, but hell, they probably *are* "happy as bluebirds," as one tune puts it. Besides, they sure sound better together than they do separately.

Los Cochinos *Cheech y Chong* (Ode). A whole album fashioned around the notion that the very mention of dope is good for big laughs. Mostly a sophomoric yawn, with only a couple of routines worth listening to. But who else would think to do an in-depth interview with a body louse?

Gimme Something Real *Nick Ashford and Valerie Simpson* (Warner Bros.). Valerie's made two superb albums of her own so far, and she and Nick have Motown in their blood, both as writers ('Ain't No Mountain High Enough') and producers. Here, they forge a charismatic blend of secular and gospel influences, fleshing it out with tight production. Sophisticated R & B.

Side 3 *Raspberries* (Capitol). Continuing proof that you don't have to be English to sound like the early Beatles. Also further proof that effervescent mid-'60s styles are still the gas they used to be. Soaring harmonies, pounding backbeat, and a mock innocence that's both quaint and refreshing; like the early Beatles, they'd be happy just to dance with you. A two-straw milkshake, a grade-A good time.

Goat's Head Soup *The Rolling Stones* (Rolling Stones Records). Only a medium high on the Stones' epic continuum, but that still puts it yards above anything else that's come out lately. Be they soft-riff or tough-riff, most tunes focus on the background sound; still, 'Angie' is a melodramatic standout, 'Heartbreaker' a good solid successor to 'Bitch,' and 'Dancing with Mr. D' ominous enough to keep the kinkiness alive. But the craven business of cleaning up the title of 'Star fucker' (it's now 'Star Star') is simply not worthy of them.

Relativity Suite *Don Cherry and the Jazz Composer's Orchestra* (JCOA Records). Free music with melodies you can hum (that, in fact, have a habit of sticking in the brain all night), isn't exactly what we've come to expect from the jazz avant-garde, but that's what Don Cherry, who makes an art of being unpredictable, has come up with. Alternately peaceful, mystifying, even march-like, Cherry's 'Relativity Suite' is a delightful melange of Oriental scales, classical motifs and solid modern jazz (as opposed to the Modern Jazz Quartet), played by an orchestra of superb avant-garde musicians, including violin superstar Leroy Jenkins and three-fourths of the Ornette Coleman Quartet. ●

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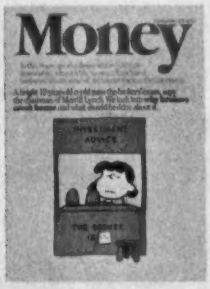

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NEW TIMES
NOVEMBER 16, 1973

The man at work around the clock to get the President impeached

By Johnny Greene

"He's just like a wounded rattlesnake," says Chuck Morgan. He is talking about Richard Nixon. "He'll flip back and forth, but he can still kill you. How do you stop him? You hit him a good lick the first time." Chuck sits in his green easy chair, his bare feet propped up on a footstool, the Florida sunlight coming full through the sliding glass doors at the end of the long, low room.

Charles Morgan Jr. and his wife, Camille, have come here, to their retreat in the small fishing village of Destin, Fla., for a weekend's relief from his frantic Washington, D.C., office. Chuck heads the American Civil Liberties Union Washington National Office, and ever since the ACLU called for Nixon's impeachment on September 30, Chuck has been working virtually around the clock. Mainly he has been sending out documents to ACLU members and affiliates all across the country to encourage them to put pressure on members of the House of Representatives and its Judiciary Committee to "do its duty and impeach Richard M. Nixon," and he has been lining up newspaper ads which call on the general public to exert similar pressure on, as Chuck is fond of saying, "this wounded rattlesnake."

On the way down to their house on Choctawhatchee Bay, Chuck had made a brief speaking trip in Georgia, during which, he says, "I joined with Governor Jimmie Carter and Lester Maddox in calling for the impeachment of Richard Nixon.

"That man's my enemy because he's the enemy of the American people," Chuck says, and looks across the line of steam over the coffee. His eyes are clear blue, his hair blond despite his 43 years and varying weight, which was some 290 pounds during his famous defense in the Howard Levy trial at Ft. Jackson, S.C., a few years ago. Now he says he's 80 pounds lighter, and he smiles when he says it, his lower lip cutting up through the smile to make him look like a satiated Cupid.

A honking noise, suggesting a

goose call, jars the room, and Chuck excuses himself to answer the red telephone in his small office.

"So *they're* coming in with us too!" he says from the office, and then his spontaneous, rich, delighted laugh follows hard after.

"You know who that was?" he asks, returning, and not waiting for an answer. "That was a guy who used to head the conservative Young Americans for Freedom. Every group in this country—left, right, and middle-of-the-road's gonna get into this thing before it's over. They've got to. It's inexorable."

Chuck has been a civil liberties lawyer since his early days of practice in Birmingham, Ala., when judges assigned him to defend black folks who couldn't afford a lawyer, and he started calling for black representatives on Alabama juries so he could get fair trials for his defendants. He rose to national fame following the 1963 Birmingham Sunday bombings when four black girls were killed in their Sixteenth Street Baptist Church, and Chuck asked his fellow citizens, "Who threw that bomb?" and then answered for them, "We all did it. Every last one of us is condemned for that crime and the bombing. . . ."

For Chuck, the road out of Birmingham was swift after that. He took his wife and small son away from their home, which he'd had to floodlight to protect it from bomb throwers, spent a year in Washington, then returned South to open and head the ACLU Southern Office in Atlanta.

Since then, Chuck has defended a whole docket of demanding, rigorous cases. He won the Muhammad Ali case and part of the Howard Levy case before the U.S. Supreme Court; his Reynolds vs. Sims case—from which the U.S. Supreme Court handed down its landmark one-man, one-vote ruling—took him 12 years; and his Hadnott vs. Amos case went up and down through the courts until black candidates were finally put on the Greene County, Ala., ballots, and the probate judge of the county was held in contempt of the U.S. Supreme Court. He's suffered some frustrating losses, too. But none of that matters now—the landmark victories, the stultifying defeats. For now he feels he's representing his biggest client of all, in his grandest courtroom of all. "The

people of the United States vs. Richard M. Nixon, that's the name of this case," Chuck says, and looks out at Choctawhatchee Bay.

"He's a gone gosling," says Chuck. "The public, the people of the United States, must accept their responsibility, they must force the House to accept its responsibility to do the right thing. And the right thing is to impeach Richard M. Nixon."

The goose phone honks again, and Chuck takes a call from a conservative newspaper publisher who is suddenly supporting impeachment. Then Chuck returns a call from a George Washington University law school professor who is joining the crowd. Chuck comes back into the room beaming and declares, "That man's either gonna resign, eat bad food in California, or flee to Costa Rica with Vesco."

He seats himself in the green easy chair. "It's the old story of wolf-wolf. You've got a President that nobody believes anymore. What's gonna happen next time when maybe the wolf's really there? Now tell me, who can believe the administration of the President of the United States anymore? Just tell me."

There's never really a chance to answer Chuck Morgan because the horn keeps calling him to the red telephone in his office. For an hour, he talks with a lawyer for a Congressional committee, then a person arranging speeches across the country, and then a person putting together a coalition of impeachment groups in Washington, D.C. "An impeachment trial *is* a political trial," Chuck says over the telephone, and his voice cuts into the quiet of the house and the shore. "It's the only place in the Constitution where a political trial is allowed, and I've been defending political defendants for years."

In a weekend that's supposed to be restful, Chuck Morgan keeps up the pace and the schedule which have made him a legend in the civil rights movement. As the afternoon moves on, he talks with more individuals and representatives of organizations—an official of the United Auto Workers, the head of a Philadelphia committee organizing for impeachment, the head of a conservative right-wing organization, a wealthy New Yorker interested in the malfeasance of the Department of Justice. "It's hard to overcome personal enmities," Chuck says, returning from another phone call. "But these people are coming together for a series of reasons and the primary one is Richard M. Nixon. They're being asked now to decide if the cost of nonimpeachment is higher than the cost of impeachment to them, personally, and they're deciding that it's not."

He returns to the phone, to talk with his Washington office, then reports, "We noticed that after we were hanging up the phones in the office that the blinking lights stayed on." He stretches out on one of the couches, lights a cigarette and continues. "So I hired me a de-bugger and I hired the best one available—a Watergate defendant. He did the job; the lights stayed off until today. But that was one of the girls in the office calling to tell me something spooky. After she hung up on a call earlier today, the light stayed on. She picked the phone back up and heard some folks talking about me and ACLU and the pamphlets we're sending out all over the country. She put the receiver down on the desk and looked around the offices. Nobody was on the phones. So she went into my office, turned on the speaker phone, and everybody sat around and listened to the buggers talking about them. Kinda spooky, wouldn't you say?"

Chuck is once more interrupted by the red phone.

"Now," he says into the telephone, "I'm not telling you it's gonna happen tomorrow or next week or the week after that. But it's gonna *happen*."

He returns, his confidence and stride measured in the same cadences as his words. "You just can't get in the way of the stream of history and start messing around with it like this guy's done and get away with it. I know it as well as I know that comparing the crimes charged against Spiro Agnew with those charged against Richard Nixon is like comparing a chicken thief to Jack the Ripper.

"People keep according Nixon rights. He should have fewer rights. He's a lawyer. In 1958 the Supreme Court of this country ruled that a man with one year's legal education made him a different defendant. Here we are with Nixon and he's got 30 years since law school as a practicing attorney and a public official."

He leaps up again and repeats on the phone, "But you just can't mess around with the stream of history. . . . Yes. Good. Next week." It was an ACLU general counsel, he says when he returns, then resumes:

"If somebody had asked me 10 years ago if two black men named William McKinley Branch and Tom Gilmore would have been Probate Judge and Sheriff of Greene County, Ala., I wouldn't have known what to tell you. But I would have said that there would be black officeholders in Greene County, Ala., now. The force of history is like that.

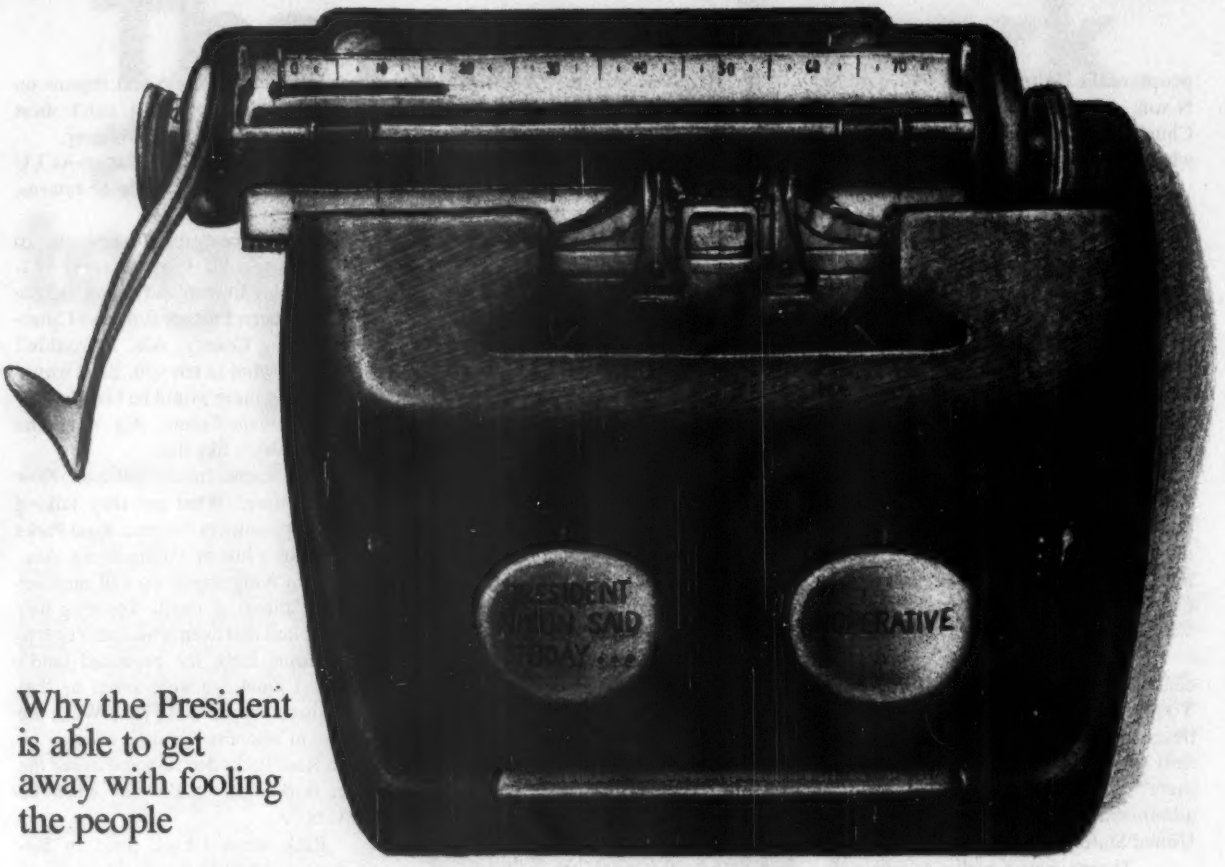
"My liberal friends tell me, 'Now is not the time.' What are they talking about? Now is always the time. Rosa Parks sits down in a bus in Montgomery, Ala., and Martin King stands up and marches under the threat of death—knowing he's gonna die and that even if he doesn't get to the promised land, the promised land's *there*. So I know we were saved by that second piece of tape that Frank Wills, the black night watchman, found because he made a Rosa Parks decision and called the police. Bork didn't make one when he fired Cox."

Back when Chuck lived in Birmingham and had to floodlight his home and answer threatening telephone calls all night long, he carried a revolver. Chuck says he gave it up because he knew if he ever tried to fire it he'd wind up shooting off his own foot.

Chuck Morgan's seen a lot of changes since then. The South is a new land because people like Rosa Parks refused to stand up in a bus and folks like Chuck Morgan were willing to make "equal protection under the laws" a living reality, a part of the stream of history from which they came.

"It's the same now," Chuck says, his confidence in the impeachment campaign driven by seeing those changes. And even though he knows that political pragmatists are, at the least, skeptical, he feels he's going to win this time, too. "All it takes is a simple majority vote of the House to impeach," he says. "A simple majority. Then the Senate tries him and we find out if he's guilty or innocent. That's all we're asking folks to do—make the House of Representatives live up to its responsibility and bring this guy to trial."●

Nixon vs. The Press



Why the President is able to get away with fooling the people

By David Halberstam

There was in late September in San Francisco last year one of those rare moments when Richard Nixon appeared before his fellow citizens and acknowledged at least briefly that he was in fact the Republican candidate for President. In the process he accused an unnamed opponent, believed by many to be George McGovern, of calling for the "confiscation of wealth," and advocating defense policies which would seriously weaken the United States of America. These charges, while relatively mild by the precedent of previous Nixon speeches, nonetheless posed a problem for the reporters covering Nixon, raising the question among them of whether they had the license to point out that Nixon's charges were a serious exaggeration of what McGovern had been saying. In Timothy Crouse's marvelous book, *The Boys On The Bus*, Robert Semple of the New York *Times* and Peter Lisagor of the Chicago *Daily News* are depicted discussing ways of coming to terms with this bit of executive privilege. Semple notes that exaggerations like this have always helped Nixon, and Lisagor explains why:

"It's because Nixon is one of the best students of journalistic formats of any politician we've had in a number of years. He understands the one-dimensional format of the wire service where you can't qualify anything and where you've got to go with a hard punchy lead, and that's what this speech is designed to do".

"Well I'm trying to work out a way around it," said Semple firmly.

" 'Share it with me,' said Lisagor drily.

" 'Well,' said Semple, looking at the handout again.' I may just say that he came to California and played on very familiar themes in terms that seem to admit no debate and that show no complexity of the issues.' Semple thought that over for a moment and then added, 'Yeah but then the desk will go like this.' He made a ripping sound and tore up an imaginary piece of paper. . . .' "

If you are puzzled about the prism through which you view events, if you have wondered what reporters are like in person, what are their strengths and their limitations, then this is your book. The really good literature on the American press is painfully thin, implying not inaccurately that journalists are willing to reveal a great deal about everything but themselves. In recent years there has been Gay Talese's fine book on institutional power at the New York *Times*, *The Kingdom and the Power*, and there is the whole body of work of A.J. Liebling. And now we have Crouse with *The Boys on the Bus*, the story of how the press did or did not cover the late lamented campaign of 1972.

David Halberstam's Vietnam reporting earned him White House anger and a Pulitzer Prize. He is author of the best-selling book, The Best and The Brightest.

This book is good, very good; it is in fact the best writing about journalists in action that I have ever read. Earlier this year, when a section of the manuscript was published in *Rolling Stone*, I became so impressed and excited—after all Crouse was writing about 18 years of my life—that I called around town trying to find out who he was and who his editor was, so that I could meet him and babble out all my own confessions. I can think of no higher compliment from one journalist to another.

Boys, in essence, is the story of the 1972 campaign, how Nixon shrewdly exploited the press' weakness, how George McGovern first did not love the press, then loved it, and then did not love it again. It may also be in its own way the best book on the 1972 campaign, if a travesty like that can be said to have produced a best book. It is a marvelous portrait of the press being had and it catches with a fine eye the weaknesses, strengths, vanities, insecurities and motivations of working reporters. It is derivative of Teddy White's first fine book on the Presidential campaign in 1960, just as Joe McGinniss in 1968 was derivative of White; if McGinniss had the sleeper book of 1968, I suspect Crouse will be the sweepstakes winner of 1972.

Crouse's portraits of the individual members of the press are astonishingly accurate. All the journalistic biggies are there. R.W. Apple of the *Times*, with his puppy-dog enthusiasm and his eagerness to set an Eastern Intercollegiate record for New York *Times* front-page bylines ("In a business populated largely by *shy* egomaniacs, he stuck out like a drunk at a funeral."). David Broder of the Washington *Post*, the embodiment of journalism at its best, with his sober passion for the political processes even when he knew that those processes did not necessarily function ("with his short greying hair, his horn rims, and his unhurried, straight-necked, dignified walk, Broder has the look of the youngest full professor on the faculty of M.I.T. Indeed the columns which he frequently writes for the *Post*'s Op-ed page often have a slightly professorial tone, as if he were giving a civics lecture.") Then there is Jim Wooten, then of the *Times*, now no longer, one of my favorite reporters, talking with Vic Gold, Agnew's press officer, who is trying to arrange a Wooten-Agnew social meeting at a cocktail party. Gold insists that the meeting take place. Wooten, bothered by a vague doubt about the propriety of it all, says no. Gold insists, the Vice President is *interested* in Wooten. Wooten answers: "Vic, I'm here to cover the Vice President, not to be his buddy." And finally there is a lovely scene showing Robert Novak of the Evans-and-Novak column trying to talk Frank Mankiewicz, McGovern's campaign manager, into letting him travel on the varsity press plane—as opposed to the Zoo plane (which carries television cameramen and equipment managers). Novak is insistent but his columns have generally pictured McGovern as the front man for left-wing barbarians threatening to tear our civilization apart, and Mankiewicz is not amused. It is the Zoo plane or nothing. "Okay," says Novak, resigned to the Zoo plane. "No more Mister Nice Guy."

Crouse very neatly catches the frustrations of the press both with the candidates and with its own work, and he tells of the capacity of the press to sense weakness both in a man and in an organization. There is a brutal and sometimes very funny description in the book of how the press tormented Gordon Weil, an officious McGovern aide who had started as McGovern's chief adviser but whose star had descended during the campaign, in part because he had authored the $1,000 welfare program. Weil, after a tour in Washington, is allowed to rejoin the campaign and the reporters greet him on return with a special song written in his behalf: "You were number one/When all this begun/And now . . . you're . . . shit. . . ." The tormenting continues until Weil is finally ordered off the press business in mid-briefing. All of this, of course, is very funny and Weil probably is not very likeable, and yet there is in retrospect something sobering about it all, knowing that whatever Weil's excesses against the press and the society, they are minor compared to those of a Ron Ziegler, and knowing that indeed the press has long put up with Ziegler and Zieglerisms—that it would never dare stomp out over Ziegler's "inoperatives."

Perhaps the fact that reporters could do this to a Weil but not to a Ziegler tells us something, about the bully inside us, about the fact that perhaps McGovern could not govern, about the contrast between one political camp, where there was too much control, and the other, where there was too little, where everybody was tearing the flesh off everyone else, and where the candidate was, if anything, too democratic, too available. It was almost as if reporters rejected McGovern's humanity and simplicity and availability, wanted him to be more distant, wanted him to treat them with greater disdain. He was too available to them, too much like them, and this removed from him the luster and glamor of his pursuit; if he lost the luster and glamor of his pursuit, then they lost theirs as well.

The more magic and charismatic a Presidential figure, the more magic and charismatic those who cover him. To cover a Presidential candidate who looked like a Nebraska Methodist preacher meant that they were like the church reporters on the Omaha paper. Any club that wants me as a member, Groucho Marx once said, I don't want to be part of. Any Presidential candidate who is too much like me and too open, isn't a Presidential candidate. McGovern's annoyance with those covering him matched their frustration with him (they were frustrated because week by week he looked less like a winner, a point which bothered him, too). In the final days of the campaign, when *Newsweek* wrote a particularly savage assessment of McGovern, in effect blaming his poor showing in the polls on his preacher-like righteousness (it was his fault for doing poorly, not the luck of the draw, not the fears which were alive in the country), McGovern in a moment of anger told *Newsweek* correspondent Dick Stout that he thought the article was "a bunch of shit." Stout, somewhat wounded by this, later unburdened himself to Fred Dutton, a campaign strategist (who was also disgusted with the entire operation and was staying aboard only so that reporters would not write that he had left). "Oh my God," said Dutton, "the man doesn't know what he's doing. You don't tell a guy he's written shit. All you say is, 'That's the way it goes.' And then you quietly freeze the fucker out."

The important thing to remember is that this book is about the campaign of 1972 (which is in itself important; the heavies were out covering the campaign instead of covering Watergate, no small subjective decision in itself), which means that it is a portrait of the press (and I assume the country) being had, knowing it is being had, and being had, anyway. Occasionally, the press would rise up in anger to avenge itself, to show that it was honest, to show that it could not be had, and it usually did this by writing about the warts on George McGovern. There was, of course, no way to cover the discrepancies between George McGovern bringing his flawed campaign before the American people, and Richard Nixon reigning with imperial arrogance from Washington. There is a moment in the book, one of hundreds when the reporters are harried, on the run; it is a late speech, deadlines are pressing, and they crowd around the most professional deadline man of them all, Walter Mears of the *A.P.* What's the lead, Walter? Find the news in all that garbage, Walter. And Walter would find the lead. McGovern Says. Humphrey Charges.

And this was the key.

News was what was said and, indeed, said that very night (hopefully right before deadline). It could not be something that was unsaid, or worse, had been said the night before. Those, my friend, are the rules. There were no leads, or at least precious few leads, from Nixon. If nothing happened, if nothing was said, then there was no news. If Nixon did not campaign, then he was not a candidate. If he said he was a President, then he was a President. Thus if we in this profession had all learned long ago of the capacity of the President to initiate news, Nixon now gave lessons in an even more subtle art form: how not to initiate news.

News in the summer and fall of 1972 was inoperative. And in the name of journalistic objectivity, Nixon was permitted to get away with it, for objectivity was much prized in American journalism, it was the basic rule of journalistic theology; it spared hundreds and thousands of editors from using their intelligence, and by doing this it spared them something even more important, it spared them from making real decisions and taking risks and having guts. Taking risks and having guts were not prized, for they often required qualities of loneliness and meant that an editor or a bureau chief might be isolated from the good fellowship of the powerful; it meant that a Washington bureau chief might have to eat lunch alone at the Sans Souci and that his editor might receive a phone call from Herb Klein (which might mean that if the President went to China again, the head of the network news division might not be able to smuggle himself aboard the press plane as a sound technician, clearly a great loss to the American people).

So objectivity was prized and if objectivity in no way conformed to reality, then all the worse for reality. The editors were objective and they prided themselves very much on that. It did not bother them that almost everything else they did each day was subjective. Which 12 stories they put on the front page was a subjective decision. Which 50 stories went on the inside page. Which stories were written but did not go into the paper. Which stories were never even assigned.

The decision, say in 1968, when Nixon was running first in the primaries and then in the general election, to allow him to get away with never coming to terms with the issue of Vietnam—which was of course the central issue of the campaign—was a subjective one. It was, of course, a decision that was never made, that is, the editors simply drifted whichever way Nixon wanted, but the failure to make a decision and to center the coverage on what was important in the campaign, as opposed to what *the candidate wanted them to think was important*, was in itself a decision of the first magnitude.

So, in truth, despite all the fine talk of objectivity, the only thing which mildly approached objectivity was the form in which the reporter wrote the news, a technical style which required the journalist to appear to be much dumber and more innocent than in fact he was. So he wrote in a bland, uncritical way which gave far greater credence to the utterances of public officials, no matter how mindless those utterances. This meant that the norms of the society were largely accepted by the press and confirmed by them (those in the press who were more deeply critical of the processes or the failure of the processes to function as they were supposed to function became controversial and were placed outside the mainstream; they were delegitimized, just as those who accepted and accommodated the norms and words of the government were in fact legitimized).

Dealing with the illusions and the lies that come out of press conferences

Thus the press voluntarily surrendered a vast amount of its real independence; it treated the words and actions of the government of the United States with a credence that those words and actions did not necessarily merit. If we are not very free, it is because we choose not to be very free. It is more comfortable this way.

But it was also part of the theology of journalism that editors must hire the brightest of reporters, and since the system insisted that reporters function (in print at least) at a marginal level of intelligence, there was bound to be a vast amount of frustration among reporters struggling with the limits of their craft. Almost all the men covering the campaign in 1972 fought the narrow parameters of their craft, and none more so, and none so symbolically as Jules Witcover of the Los Angeles *Times*. Witcover is one of the most serious, analytical and careful men in the profession, and Crouse's book has a fascinating portrait of an anguished Witcover trying to sell his paper on a thoughtful analysis of how Nixon was cheating the democratic processes by not campaigning.

Witcover is hardly a radical figure in American journalism; indeed he is the traditionalist at his best. Crouse's portrait shows him carefully putting together a story on the imbalance of the campaign, supporting it with facts and quotes, and failing, of course, to sell it to his editors. It didn't quite come off, they said; when he tried again, they turned it down—an opinion story, he was told. Which is a chilling thing, for if a reporter as distinguished as Witcover cannot sell a story of this magnitude to a paper with the power and the resources of the L.A. *Times*, then what paper will let reporters report and think? Probably more than any paper in the country these days, the Washington *Post* will. And so it is not surprising that Witcover now works there, the *Post* being the most liberal in terms of reporter's prerogatives (liberal not in terms of liberal-conservative ideology but in terms of departure from the strictures of journalism).

The *Post* is perilously close, I am told by conservatives, to the most feared of all things, the New Journalism. Which is in itself interesting since most of the debate in the last few years over New Journalism and Old Journalism has struck me as being particularly mindless. What was known as Old Journalism (which is the wrong term because it was not really old journalism, but rather a more modern and emasculated and very American form of journalism) allows public officials to initiate and dominate news, and above all to give their own definition of themselves and their actions—and it uses the reporter as a conduit whose legs are more important than his brains. What is known as New Journalism (again a misnomer because indeed it is really Old Journalism, classic in its antecedents) assumes that most of what comes out of press conferences is lies and illusions. It allows the reporter to stand back a bit and grope towards reality and above all to define men and issues as he perceives them, not as Mr. Ziegler wants them perceived.

Which is important because the public officials of this country learned long ago how to manipulate the press and how to exploit the myth of journalistic objectivity; if the process continues now, it is because editors and publishers are quite content to have it continue. Mr. Ziegler is important in our lives and he exists not because Mr. Nixon wants him to exist but because the American press and, in particular, American publishers and editors tolerate him and his system; they know they are being used, but they are comfort-

able being used. They do not like making ripples, they do not like being different, they do not like being critical and in turn being criticized. They are more at ease with the reporter who writes the straight briefing story from the White House or State than with the reporter who continually challenges the official version. In truth, if Mr. Ziegler were to leave the employ of Nixon tomorrow and if there were a job of editor open, most American publishers would prefer to hire Ziegler than, say, investigative reporter Seymour Hersh. I kid you not.

Which brings me back to Robert Semple, with whom this article began, and to Miss Cassie Mackin, with whom it will end. It is not pleasant to write critically about Semple—he is intelligent, ebullient, talented, absolutely charming, a good writer within the narrow confines of daily journalism, a man with a considerable sense of the ambiguity of his job.

The only problem is that his coverage of Richard Nixon over the last five years or so left a good deal to be desired—albeit, it was precisely the coverage of Nixon that the New York *Times* wanted from him. He was, in 1968, at least partly responsible for the image of a new Nixon, civilized and open, a Nixon not necessarily perceived since. Semple was a part of a system which permitted Nixon to evade coming to terms with the issue of Vietnam in 1968. Afterwards he covered the Nixon administration, and though he was often bothered by what he was doing and what he was not doing, his reporting in no real way reflected the isolation and paranoia of the White House which culminated in Watergate. In the aforementioned conversation with Lisagor on how to cover Nixon's exaggerated charges against McGovern, Semple, despite all his misgivings, eventually reported the way Nixon-Ziegler intended him to report. Whether he served his readers well by all this is disputable; what is not disputable is that his superiors were quite happy to have him report this way.

So having accommodated the system for all those years and having been used by it, Semple was rewarded, moved to New York temporarily for an important job in management, with better things in the air for the future. Whereas had he taken a more independent position and challenged the Nixon administration journalistically he might have served his readers better, but he himself would have become "controversial" and his career, institutionally at least, severely damaged. A place for him on the paper, but in that small pigeonhole where controversial people (Hersh, Neil Sheehan, Gloria Emerson) go, far from the levers of power. So I am writing not about the problems of Bob Semple, but rather the trouble with the New York *Times*, and the trouble with American journalism.

Nor is Semple's case without ample precedent. His immediate predecessor at the White House was Max Frankel, probably the most intellectually superior *Times* journalist of a generation, and the closest thing the *Times* had to a young Walter Lippmann. Frankel's coverage of the latter years—the decline and fall—of the Johnson Administration was absolutely fascinating in terms of which way a talented reporter would go on what was potentially a deeply explosive story—the growing isolation of the Johnson White House, the diminishing sense of reality there, the coming in effect of a bunker mentality. What made this case so fascinating was that the story was so potent, the newspaper involved so awesomely powerful, and the reporter so genuinely gifted.

It was a fascinating moment, for to report with any toughness of mind on the degree of isolation of Johnson-Rostow would surely have meant an awesome confrontation between the *Times* and the White House, with a great deal of blood on the floor, most of it probably Frankel's. It was a confrontation which never took place; I thought that when the chips were down he was the White House's man to his readers, not his reader's man at the White House. Which was bad enough, but he was thereupon rewarded with command of the Washington bureau, developed a degree of intimacy with Henry Kissinger, which was in brutal terms a disgrace, and which served Kissinger far better than it served the readers of the *Times*. For this he was rewarded with the job of Executive Editor of the *Times*, the second-most powerful job on the paper. Thus does the system survive, and indeed replenish itself.

Rewards for reporters who play by the "rules"; pigeonholes and isolation for those who don't

Which brings us to Cassie Mackin, who probably did the single most important film clip of the '72 campaign and, ironically enough, on the very same story which perplexed her colleagues like Semple. Cassie Mackin is a very pretty face, but beyond that she is a very good tough-minded reporter and last fall at the very least, in the immortal words of Lyndon Johnson, she knew chicken shit from chicken salad.

Thus, in late September, after Nixon's speech, she began her film clip by saying: "On defense spending and welfare reform, the two most controversial issues in this campaign . . . the two issues that are almost haunting George McGovern, there is a serious question of whether President Nixon is setting up straw men by leaving the very strong impression that McGovern is making certain proposals which in fact he is not." She thereupon quoted Nixon's charges against McGovern on defense and welfare. Then she commented again: "The President obviously meant McGovern's proposed defense budget but his criticism never specified how the McGovern plan would weaken the country. On welfare, the President accuses McGovern of wanting to give those on welfare more than those who work, which is not true. On tax reform, the President says McGovern is calling for 'confiscation of wealth,' which is not true . . . When all is said and done," she concluded, "it's like Mr. Nixon says: he is the President and it is the power of the Presidency that makes it possible to stay above the campaign and answer only the questions of his choice."

When her film clip came in to NBC that day, the lower-level producers at NBC knew, first, that it was the best piece of reporting of the campaign and, second, that it was so explosive that if their superiors knew exactly what was on it—the clip might never be aired. So the exact contents were carefully fudged in the internal discussions for that night's show, and the piece was aired.

The Nixon people, of course, exploded. Herb Klein was on the phone to NBC executives before the half-hour show was up. There was a good deal of flack over the incident. And though she had done a consistently excellent job of political reporting for NBC through the primaries, the conventions and the general elections and had become a genuine television star, not everyone at NBC sensed her excellence.

After the campaign she was assigned—much against her will—to work in the Los Angeles bureau, which she bitterly resented, thinking that she had proved herself a top-flight national political reporter worthy of being based in Washington like her peers. No, she was told, she needed to work on film. The hell, you say. Cassie's just fine and she and Mr. Crouse can ride on my bus any day. ●

ILLUSTRATION BY ALLEN WELKS

Prodded by the "success-haunted" men he's been watching on TV, the writer looks at how the years have treated his own ambitions—and those of the man who beat him out when their Texas high-school class voted for...

Most Likely To Succeed

By Larry L. King

In the summer of '73 they paraded across our TV screens, squirming men with plastic faces, Bright Young Men gone wrong—Good Germans, yes, just following orders—men unable, even under the quasi-philosophical proddings of Senator Baker or the Scriptural lectures of Senator Ervin, to explain their mindless felonies above their desires to be good team players. Which was, of course, a compounding of original sins, in that they failed to contact truth; lied, even, because what they could not bring themselves to say was that cancerous ambition ate on them in the night, that they were Success-haunted. Like Charles Colson, to a man, they would have walked on any number of aged grandmothers to serve themselves and King Richard. But mainly to serve themselves.

So I watched and drank and fretted and felt uncomfortable in the extreme. For the Watergate gang seemed a near-incarnation of an earlier, rawer self. Not that the grizzled middle-ager of the present identified with them, horrors no. But residual pieces of an earlier self shuddered at what might have been, given more big-league opportunities (a decade ago, two decades ago) in Washington. I told my soul that never could I have become a Jeb Magruder: no, the smooth corporate water boy was not my style. But I might have become a Bob Haldeman, yes, given enough rope. Several times I saw him looking out of hard cold eyes I once had observed in the shaving glass. So one thought on ambition, success, happiness, drive. And, courtesy of old memories, went back in time. . . .

Near the end of junior year in high school my class named Kent Hardy as Most Likely To Succeed, a shocking miscarriage of justice boiling, as runner-up, my juices in anger and shame. It was not an election closely watched outside the participating precincts; I now know that hundreds of merchants, working men, and housewives accomplished their small-town Texas drudgeries unaware of my ruin as voted—38 to 15—by the Class of '46. At the time, however, I assumed the community's full scorn and half pity. The galling loss may have been a factor in causing me to flee to the Army before my senior year.

I think my extreme reaction was more than the peevish huff of a 17-year-old lad who perhaps secretly cherished himself above the norm. Of ambition, it is true, I bore a burdensome load. There was a better side of the tracks to attain; possibly a wider world called from somewhere east of Dallas or west of El Paso. As Kent Hardy's great expectation was to become the minister of our town's First Baptist Church, I judged him unable even to define Success. How, then, had he been singled out as its natural companion? For I knew, in all the private places, that the boy in that wind-and-sun blistered little village most eager to claw and scratch his deliverance slept in my bed each night.

Not that I failed to privately envy certain of Kent Hardy's assets. He had his own car, he lived in a better house, he wore superior clothes. I coveted his deep voice, easy laugh, smooth social patter, constant cheer. Kent made people smile; I seemed to make them nervous.

We shared a common Boy Scout troop, football squad and debate class. I liked Kent Hardy. Hell, *everybody* did. Had they voted him Most Popular Boy, why, then, surely I would have led the cheers. But in football drills, debating jousts and in the other direct ways the young have of judging their peers, I had observed that Kent lacked a certain thirst. While he aspired to lead West Texans to Christ, I wanted them—saints or sinners—to read of me in the New York *Times*. There was never any doubt in my young mind that The Lady Success, had she any pride in

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> "One day, ole buddy, my goddamn ship's comin' in. People gonna *hear* about me"

her companions, would choose me over carloads of Kent Hardys.

Kent never got around to doing Jesus' good work. He entered a Baptist college only after the U.S. Navy had taught him sin's better side. A year later he returned to the old hometown as a radio announcer. My own military service laid by (and following an even briefer flirtation with higher learning) I also had gone home again.

Still, the Class of '46 appeared to have made a proper choice. Kent, rumbling bass voice repeating news from the wires of *Associated Press* or offering the bargains of local merchants, earned $67.50 per week compared to my $55 reward as a cub newspaperman. Kent honked for me each morning (*he* still owned the car), and we sleepily shared bitter cafe coffee before straggling to our pre-dawn jobs. We drank together on weekends; our respective marriages were accomplished within a short span; our first-born shared playpens. We exchanged secrets and such memories as young men have. I don't remember that we talked much of Success, should you exclude my periodic beery midnight boasts: "Kent, goddamn if I know how or when or even *why*. But one day, ole buddy, my goddamn ship's comin' in. One day, you hide and watch me, I'm gonna have boatloads of money and people gonna *hear* about me." Kent would laugh—it seemed he was always laughing, often in response to my bitchings, complaints and crazy dreams—and accommodatingly say, "You know, by God, I believe you will. And when you do, you'll have servants waiting on servants." The truth is I was sure afraid of failure and was pep-talking myself.

In 1954 I went away; Kent Hardy didn't. On visits from Washington, where as a Congressional aide I studied at close range the magic and sideshows of Senate Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson, I briefly saw Kent. Or, goosing my new mechanized horses down flat West Texas highways, I would hear his bass voice roll out of the car radio offering bargains in golden-ripe bananas, banking services, back-to-school clothes. And I would often think: *Jesus, how long will Kent be content to read that shit?*

It was not a question one could ask him, however. Our brief reunions taught that Kent Hardy now believed me to be a Socialist menace directed by international cartels: an agent of meddling bureaucracies conspiring to bring racial integration, impossible taxes, and maybe firing squads searching house-to-house for true patriots. One night as he damned the Warren Court and speechified on the spotless virtues of Free Enterprise, I struck back in anger: "Kent, how goddamn much money you make?" Well, he said, in case it might be any of my business, what with commercials he taped outside his regular radio station job he was up to $8,000 or a little better. "If what I'm doing is socialism," I said, "then give me socialism. 'Cause I'm drawing down $17,000-plus, ole buddy, and that's just the beginning!" A gainer of mindless, mean, sweet revenge, I satisfactorily fantasized in my motel room of rejecting the written apology of the Class of '46.

Now it is 1973. Many in that class are dead and others wounded. Back in the old hometown to attend family complications, I have passed Sunday's slow dance in a motel room by discovering via the local telephone directory, that 27 members of the 40-man 1945 high-school football squad retain local addresses. This is surprising, for despite periodic visits I cannot recall the last time I encountered one of them. Several scotches later I dial Kent Hardy. "Goddamn, King, Bobbi Jo and I figured out the other night that we haven't seen you in eight years." I ask whatever happened to Jimmy Eagan, Dun Andrews, Hal Lindsey, Willard T. Young, Becky Anson, Peaches Simpson?

Jimmy's doing good as a lawyer in Lubbock. Dun runs a sporting goods store in Seminole. Nobody's heard of Hal since he went to Hollywood to become a movie star. Willard T. Young is a mid-level executive at the leading local bank and once was District Governor of the Lions Club. Becky married a rich rancher from Alpine and is reportedly heavier than any single beef-on-the-hoof her husband owns. Peaches Simpson has known three marriages and is drunk each day by noon.

Waiting for the Hardys at the motel, I wonder why I had felt compelled to make contact. If I had not made boatloads of money I had, by boyhood standards, got near to a small canoeful. I had published books, been nominated for prizes and—yes!—had even been mentioned in the New York *Times*. I lived well: dined with U.S. Senators in Georgetown, occasionally accompanied rich ladies. It wasn't exactly *bad*, you understand—hell, sometimes it was real good; I never once thought of trading it back for my youthful oil-field or cotton-field sweat—but, somehow, it had failed to set me free or ring my bells. I had a certain tinny, minor fame, right; if my isolated village had produced and exported an ambassador to bigger courts, then probably I was it. But it seemed little to call on when nights grew dry and long and empty. And, of course, some nights had: one wife had quit by divorce and one by death; my children afforded what I thought to be a little more than the requisite unwelcome surprises; I drank too much and too long lay professionally fallow and sometimes wandered at loose ends. It became a peculiar healing therapy to occasionally withdraw to the old hometown, scratching in memory's scattered dust for boyhood tracks, while

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROGER COOKE

wondering what vital component one had overlooked in earlier, clearer visions of the Good Life to come. On such a day late last summer I telephoned Kent Hardy.

It was difficult to find a reveling spot. My two suggestions proved long defunct. "We stay at home so much I've plumb lost track," Kent said as we searched the dark mini-city. "I get up at five o'clock, you know, and that don't encourage much carousing."

Bobbi Jo, his wife, sat silently beside him. About the time the visiting pop-sociologist mused that he might pay money for her private thoughts she said, "How you like this car?" Actually, she put a name to it: Mustang, Cougar, Barracuda, I don't know; something wild. I'm thrice-ignorant about cars. "Real fine," I lamely attested. Bobbi Jo said, "We get a new one every two years."

I remembered Bobbi Jo from high-school civics class: a silent, shy, sharp-nosed girl in cheap print dresses who always wore ink on her fingers. She uttered not a word in class, and made 97 on all exams. In the early 1960s she joined the John Birch Society. A personal conquest of tuberculosis, middle age, children, and perhaps the Birch Society Blue Book had made her a woman of strong opinions. I now feared she might tamper with whatever truths I sought from her husband. Bobbie Jo had long thought me generally polluted and crazed.

We entered a rambling dark beer joint. A local band hammered and sawed in inferior imitation of old country-western favorites. A tall, balding vocalist in a cowboy outfit tricked up with sequins sang of how candy kisses wrapped in paper mean more to you than any of mine. "Welcome to the 1940s," I said. Kent laughed: "Most of the bands around here are old as us. They don't play anybody newer than Merle Haggard. Young kids are into country-rock. I guess they have their hangouts, but damn if I know where they are."

A cocktail waitress, in a short skirt and tall hair, said, "Say, you sound familiar. Are you . . . Kent *Hardy?*" My old friend grinned and attempted modesty: "Well, yeah, I was the last time I looked." She squealed, exclaimed, and fluttered her lashes. *Son-of-a-bitch*: I thought, *foiled again. A prophet without honor in his own country* . . .

When Kent's fan twitched off to fetch beers I said to Hardy: "Tell me about your life."

"Aw, you know. I get up, I go to work, I come home. And once in awhile I prounce ole Bobbi Jo."

She laughed. "We got us some real good this afternoon. For old folks."

" 'Course we got us a problem," Kent chuckled. "We got careless and had a new baby about nine years ago. I wouldn't take for her, but it sure does discourage day-time prouncing. That poor little girl's been to more weekend movies than any kid in town. Every time *we* want a matinee, little Darlene gets one if she wants it or not."

"Now you're bragging," Bobbi Jo said, smiling.

Kent Hardy squeezed his wife's arm. "Yeah, lotta life left in this old girl. I've flat give up on her getting old."

In truth, the years have been good to Bobbi Jo. She is one of those late-bloomers, ever so much more sensual in her middle years. The visitor felt stirrings of envy and lust.

"You remember Jack Kooch?" Bobbi Jo asked.

"Oh. Yeah. Quiet fellow. One grade behind us."

"Well, he's an artist in Austin," Bobbi Jo said. "The main thing, though, he turned out queer as a $3.00 bill."

"He don't show me much," Kent said. "They showed his paintings a few years back during Homecoming Weekend up at the high school. Buncha modern dabs and squiggly lines."

"I never would of picked him for a queer," Bobbi Jo said. "He played *guard* on the football team."

"Wasn't worth a shit, though," Kent judged. "I was damn near good as he was."

"Yeah, Baby, but nobody in their right mind ever thought of *you* as queer. Though there was a time or two when I nearly wished it myself."

Kent ducked into his beer and surfaced to say, "Come on, now, Bobbi Jo, let's don't go digging up any dead cats."

In the strained silent beer gulpings perhaps we all capsuled the past. Fifteen years earlier Kent had enjoyed a semi-serious extra-marital fling with a loose-jointed, big-boned, ear-banging cowgirl who in high school had been much cherished as one of very few Christian bobby-soxers likely to put out. Goldie's peculiarity in her time was that she *liked* to diddle, which Good Girls simply didn't. Bobbi Jo, in her eighth year of marriage, had discovered the affair and temporarily thought she'd put it asunder by awarding the offending parties tongue lashings. Later, discovering that this had not been totally effective, Bobbi Jo invaded the shop where the Other Woman worked as a beautician to indulge in effective hair-pullings, jaw-slappings and profane screechings. Kent had been placed under virtual house arrest for some months; now, I realized, he continued to be taxed by occasional reminders of those days. Pioneer Woman lived!

Uncertain of whether the question might be propitious, I asked, "Kent, are you happy?"

"Happy?" One got the impression he had not lately taken that particular inventory.

"Yeah. Happy. In your work. Your life."

"Well, I guess. Bobbi Jo, we, you know, get along purty well. We fight and

"Kent, are you happy? Are you happy in your work. In your life?"

fuss like everybody else but nothin' serious. And the kids—that little nine-year-old girl's my sweetheart and joy. You know, I'm a better parent to her than I was to Ray. I think the difference is that I was about 22, 23 when Ray was born—he's about that age now—and I was 36 when Darlene came along. And as you get older, you appreciate your kids more."

"What about Ray? I haven't seen him since he was—what?—a teenager?"

"Well, Ray, you know, he kinda got messed up in Vietnam."

Wounded?

"Naw, well, yeah, he got a nick. But he got on dope. Nothing hard, just marijuana and speed. That's bad enough, I guess—I don't know, I've never puffed any marijuana even to experiment—but he hadn't got any monkey on his back. He's just restless. Young."

"Kent," Bobbi Jo scolded, "you know damn good and well Ray wouldn't have got on dope if he hadn't been wounded."

"Well, I know you *think* it. But that's not the way Ray talks to me man-to-man. We've, you know, spent some time drinking together. And it's just that everybody over there was doing dope, *officers* even, and Ray, he just joined the majority. Like I started drinkin' beer in the Navy 'cause everybody else did."

"Piss on that war," Bobbi Jo hissed. "It was the most useless fucking war that ever was." Her mouth tightened; she looked suddenly old, violated. One wondered what damage her son's experiences had done to her Birch Society teachings.

Kent said, "Ray, now, he's not any bad boy. I got him in junior college right after he came back. For several weeks I thought he was doing real well: bought him a used car, and he'd drive off to college in the morning and come wagging his books home at night. One night I asked what he'd been studying, and real quiet—dropping his head like he did when he was little and I was chewing on him for screwing up some way—he said "Hell, Dad, I quit after three days.' He'd just been drivin' around, see, hanging out in bars. Trying to pick up girls. Well, you know, he's young . . ."

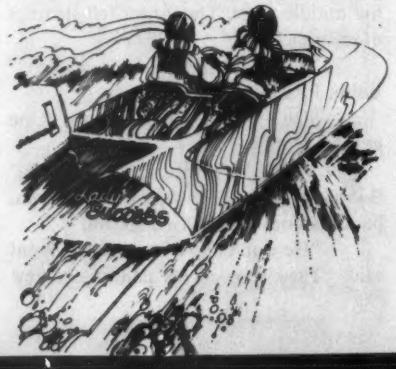
Stubbornly, Bobbi Jo said, "All *I* know is it's been two years. And he either lays out all night or flops on his bed gazing at the ceiling."

Kent spoke a bit sharply: "Well, dammit, now. *I* was at loose ends when I got out of the Navy."

The mother said, "Yeah, and in six weeks went off to college. And in a year had a pretty good job. And in 18 months got married. And soon as we could, had a baby."

"Okay," Kent said. It was a dismissal. The band sawed through a wizened Bob Wills tune celebrating the rose of old San Antone. Draining his beer glass Kent said, "Look, come over to the house awhile. We can talk better there." When the waitress brought the check he kidded, "You want money, or will you settle for my autograph?" Confused, she blushed and said she guessed she'd better take the money. Kent Hardy merrily roared.

The Hardys live in a ranch-style rambler of red brick, at least a first cousin to others in their development on the northern outskirts of town; probably it is in the $30,000 range. The living room isn't all that lived in, harboring the look of a display case. We by-passed it, clattered down a hall and entered a "family room" with a huge picture window looking onto a neat, lighted back lawn featuring a swing set. The family room was informal and comfortable;



rows of records lined the walls and a combination TV-radio-hi-fi set dominated. There were photos of the family on tables and a pair of bronzed baby shoes; on the walls were several plaques and scrolls lauding Kent Hardy for civic work. He mixed drinks from a wheel-about bar.

"You asked about my job," he said. "Well, except for going off to a Shreveport radio station about 15 years ago—and I just stayed four months, the town was too big—I've been working for the same radio station since 1950. It's got its limitations; I realize I'm not gonna get rich. But, hell, I never had any true itch to get rich." His gesture took in the room. "I got a good house, drive a good car, got a good motor boat. I go fishing and camping on weekends five, six times a year. Don't owe any big money. Don't have any big problems. Got about $2,000 in the bank above current expenses. Got a few savings bonds. Got life insurance. Got hospitalization. Got Social Security when the time comes. Shit, you know, it ain't bad. Lots of folks would like to have it. I may not be on the *Today* show like you, but—"

"That's another thing, you bastard," Bobbi Jo joshed. "People told us they saw you on—was it *Today* or *Dick Cavett* . . . ?"

"Well, both," I said, much appreciating the question.

"Well, why in hell don't you send your friends telegrams so they can watch you?"

Kent laughed. "Oh, come on, Bobbi. He's got 400 things to think about then. No reason he should think of us. Anyway, I know I'm a big duck in a little pond. I can go in some cafe or the barber shop and some ole boy'll say, 'Kent, next time you think about it, play a little of that "Lovesick Blues" by ole Merle Haggard for me.' Or maybe he'll laugh about something I've said on the air. Or I'll get some little ole Deejay prize. And it's nice, you know, a little recognition. It's better than workin' in a factory or totin' a dinner bucket.

"You might remember back in the '50s I started training as an oil company draftsman. Thought I'd work radio part-time, for kicks, but hook on with an oil company for the fringe benefits: good retirement pay, long paid vacations. Damn job nearly drove me nuts. Sit at that ole drawing board all day choked by a tie and perched on a high stool aching my ass and making tiny lines that nearly put your eyes out. Shit, I felt like I was in a cage.

"Sure made me a bastard around home, no kidding. Bobbi Jo'll tell you. One night I was drunk and throwing things—just miserable—and Bobbi got to crying and said, 'Dammit, why don't you just *quit* the goddamn job?' Well, that sounded better than the five o'clock whistle. So I said, 'Honey, maybe we'll eat a lot of beans and hamburgers but all I want to do is spin those records and talk to the folks and enjoy what I'm doing.' And we hugged and cried, and I swear I haven't had any regrets."

It was getting late, now, and drink flowed faster and the mind wildly raced. I said, "Kent, we've never talked about this. But how did you feel when they elected you Most Likely To Succeed?"

He laughed. "Surprised. I guess if I had a dream back then it was being Most Popular, or maybe Most Handsome. I kinda saw myself as a campus politician, you know, and wanted everybody to like me. After I won that Success thing, mother wanted me to apply to West Point. Without my knowing it she sent a clipping about my winning to our Congressman. Which surprised me, 'cause she'd always been so big in the Baptist Church that I'd assumed she wanted me to preach. Which I guess is why I thought about preaching. But I never felt any special kin to Jesus. And down there at college, I was restless and wanting to drink and screw more than I wanted to preach. So"—he laughed—"the world lost a Billy Graham." He shook his head and said, "God, weren't we *dumb* back then?"

I asked what he thought of the Watergate mess.

"Hell, you've been in politics. You know how many crooked deals go on. The Watergate folks just got caught." We argued, waving our arms; he refused to accept my contention that never in American political history, no matter past stains, had there been in high places such systematic looting and lying. "Talk about something else," Bobbi Jo injected. "I'm sick of hearing Watergate, *Watergate*, WATERGATE. I'm one of those mad as hell because it interrupts my soap operas."

Well, I said, could we talk about whether Watergate had inspired them to think on Success? On the soul's tax? On old dreams or lost visions?

"Naw, you know," Kent said, "I don't reflect all that much. Except for reading your first two books—I got 'em at the library—I don't think I've read a half-dozen books since college. Music is what I think about"—and he gestured toward the hi-fi, pouring out country-western laments—"and my family and enjoying life. You know, we're not here long. Won't be but 15 years till we're right on 60, King, and I made the decision a long time ago to enjoy it a day at a time."

Bobbi Jo pinned me with a painted fingernail: "*You*! Are you happy?"

Taken by surprise I said several er-uh-ahs. Then: "Sometimes. Maybe. Not always. Well, who the fuck knows? Happiness may be indefinable. It's not a constant state. I can be in the clouds one minute and down in the dirt the next."

"Answer the question," Bobbi Jo said. She was pleased, I think, by my ambiguities.

Well, all right. I guessed I wasn't all that happy. But writers, maybe, had dark streaks that wouldn't permit them to be happy. Maybe if writers were happy they wouldn't feel compelled to talk to themselves on typewriters all day.

"We all live in the same world," said Bobbi Jo. "No," I said. "No, we don't"

Bobbi Jo said, "Well, excuse me, but I don't think just because you write it makes you any different. We all live in the same world."

No, I said, we don't. We live in very different worlds. There are many and varied worlds out there beyond this little town and these flat horizons. And if you wander them for years, those worlds become part of you. Their special problems, pressures and pleasures become part of you. You react to them. They change your thinking, your feelings, your perspectives. Even your values.

Kent Hardy lurched for the portable bar; I lurched with him: two old soldiers fading away. He said, "Well, I don't know. You've been in those worlds. Maybe you know. Bobbi Jo and me, we've been to California once. Usually we stay in Texas or go to Oklahoma or New Mexico on vacation. But we're not fools. We see TV. We see newspapers. I think if you'd get back to the basics, you'd see our point of view."

Shit, I said, I had *invented* the basics. It was all I dealt in.

"No, now, that's not true. We've talked enough over the years and I know

you well enough—hell, let me say it straight—that you've been running around looking for something you ain't found. Being up there in New York, writing books, traveling America on expense accounts, chatting with Cavett and Hugh Downs on TV: *that* ain't *real*! What's real is down here. Back at your beginnings. Family. Home. Friends. *That's* real. I gotta tell you, I wouldn't trade with you."

I said, "Conceding the bullshit quotient in my lifestyle, Kent, and all the frivolities and useless lace and rusty tinsel, I wouldn't trade from *my* end."

"I guess not," he said. "You walked off from this life years ago. People just built different. We could talk till doomsday and not settle it."

Drunk, feverish, flailing my arms, feeling we had hit all around the target but had never come close to the vital bull's eye I semi-shouted: "But dammit, Kent, don't you ever feel you've *missed out* on some things? Don't you ever wake up and think that maybe you've never risked the full adventure of yourself? Don't you—and I'm gonna speak real plain, Kent—don't you ever get just fucking stone *bored* repeating all that fluff about how much golden-ripe bananas are going for over at the Piggly-Wiggly store?"

We had wandered through a sliding door out into the back yard under the high Texas moon; Bobbi Jo, waving good night and calling something indistinguishable, weaved off to bed. We swayed under the sky and Kent said, "Aw, I've had my doubts. You know, I'll see something on TV and maybe for a minute it'll make me wish I could visit Russia or get drunk with Barry Goldwater or something improbable like that. But the difference, see, is I never let that stuff bug me. It just don't seem real very long. Sure, I guess we wouldn't have had Darlene at our age if we didn't need a little more than what we've got." He frowned and sloshed and swirled his whisky; I flashed on contrition for having led him down the primrose path.

"But," he said, "I always purty much knew what I wanted. Hell, I was a free agent, same as you. *I* could have roamed. Just nothing much nipped at my heels. And I'm glad. You, now, you been chasin' bubbles since the first day I saw you. And that's fine . . . for *you*. My own view is, I got it better than most. Look: we started out close to even, way back yonder. How come—you remember Joe Bob Frady?—how come he stole everything that wasn't nailed down and is doing life in the pen for habitual . . . uh . . . criminality? How come Bert Childress made all A's and B's and drives a goddamn truck? How come Morris Scroggins made a draftsman, or Ed Wooten carried the same city mail route 20 years and dropped dead last summer at 43? I don't know. Shit, you got me rambling on here like I'm crazy. We talk down here about cars and our kids and football and we cuss the politicians. We laugh a lot. Hell, I don't know, you don't laugh all that much. Tomorrow—day or two, anyway—you'll fly off on an airplane to some damn stinking crowded city. Maybe some nut'll blow it up with a bomb. Won't anybody ever know if it was a Jew or a A-rab or somebody tryin' to collect insurance. Or you'll be going to a New York drugstore and a damn nigger dope-fiend you never saw before might walk up and stab your ass to death. Now, sure, I could start to work tomorrow and get killed in a car-wreck on the Andrews Highway. But it would be *different*. It'd be somebody's fault, it'd be common, and folks would say, 'Well, shit, poor ole Kent. Somebody run a stop sign.' It'd be something you could understand."

> "Come on home," Kent said. "Come on back down here, goddammit, and relax"

All this is approximation, of course—it was late and we were drunk out. But the message is the same, and the speech pattern long-studied; the better lines burned themselves into even a reeling brain. So Kent's defense registered and bounced around in my spongy membranes and I couldn't think of any more answers or, even, questions. *Foolish men make foolish quests*, I remember thinking.

Kent inexplicably was shaking my hand: gripping it. Tight. "Come on home," he said. "Come on back down here, goddammit, and relax."

"Yeah," I said. "Well . . ."

There was no way to tell him that I laugh less there, and relax less there, than any place on the map.

Back at the motel, unsteady and red-eyed, near dawn, I tried to rejoice for Kent. To celebrate what he had advertised as his happiness. Or, if I could not accept his definition, at least his coming to terms. I tried to think he had achieved a certain grace, served a certain function, had stayed behind to stick his finger in the dike and build bridges over troubled waters. No. His only son gargled and gagged in troubled waters while Kent, trooping in quicksand, threw him the life line of a Nixon vote and—refusing for even a moment to publicly consider his son—offers up the boy's drowning as a routine case of youth. Okay: Kent had resisted our original mutual programming; he had not marched off to the roll and throb of distant drums; he had experienced little, pondered nothing; nor had he cut any throats, except, perhaps, his own.

And maybe mine and yours and his son's, see, because he has hidden from any vision, been able to pass along nothing that other generations might make use of. Pity him with venom: he owed us the full adventure of himself, and paid less than a dime on the dollar. Ah, Kent, Kent, *shit*! ●

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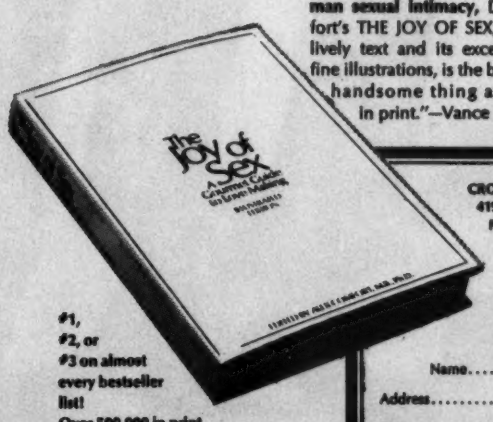

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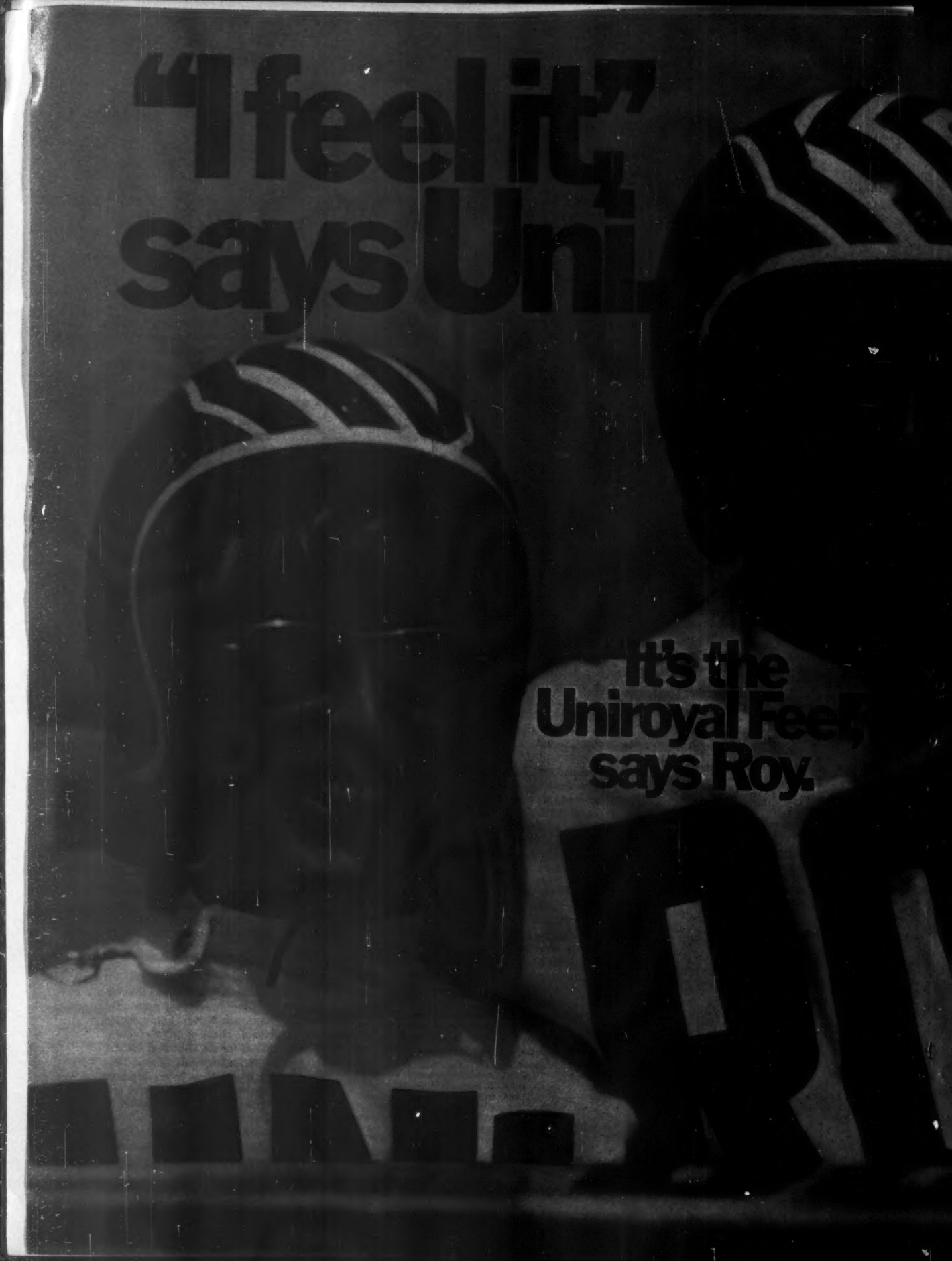
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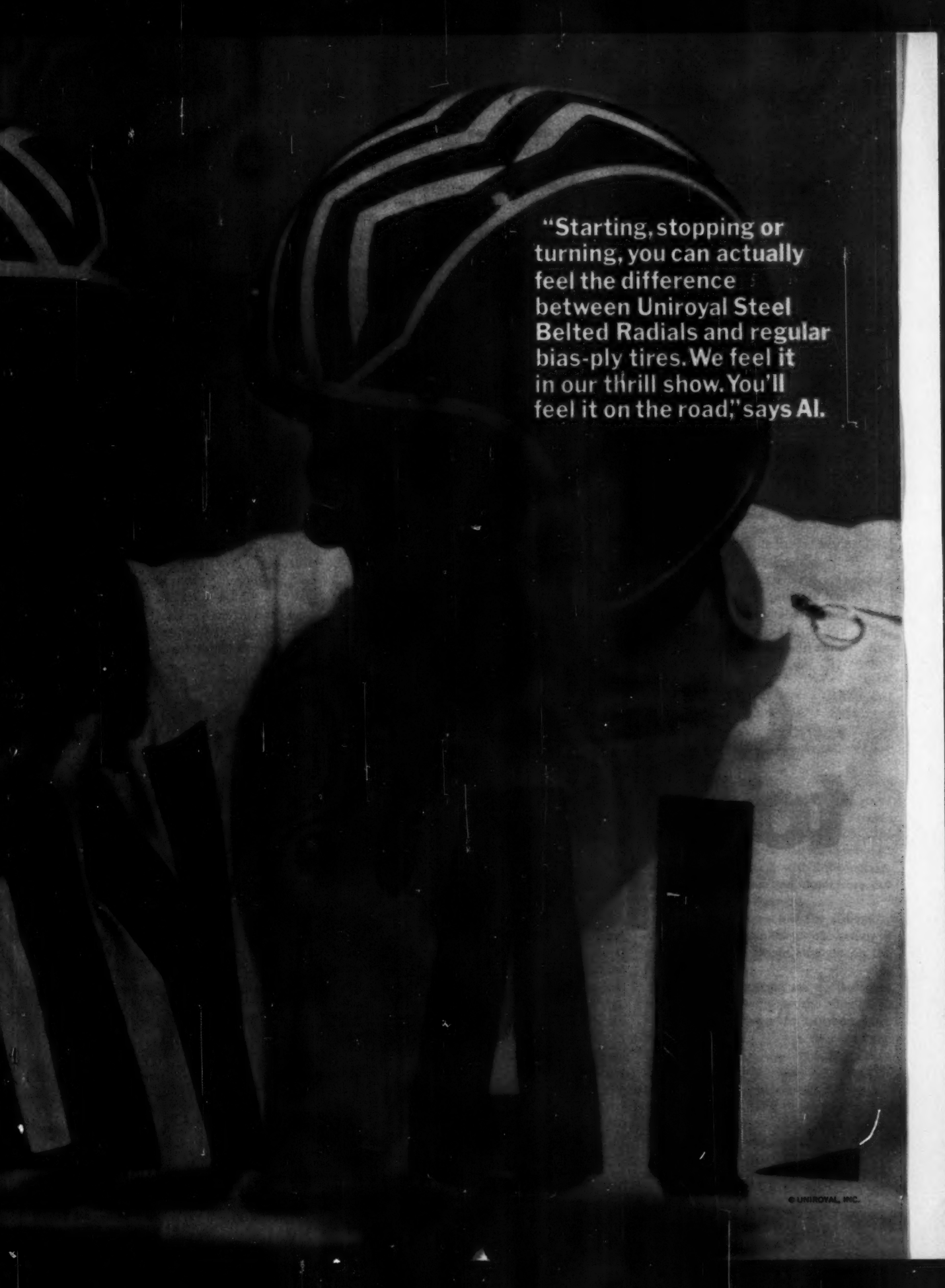
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Coming home to the civil rights movement

By Johnny Greene

A 1960's activist finds the spirit of Selma reborn in a 1970's law school

I can't remember how many times in the '60s I stood on the brick patios of well-built homes and listened to affluent liberals ask, "What has happened to the civil rights movement?" I think that somewhere between the death of Dr. King and the massacre at Attica . . . I stopped answering. But I remember one particular night when a striking blonde hostess asked the question and I told her the only thing I felt anymore, the only answer I could find that seemed to make any sense. "Go to hell," I said, and left my gin and tonic on a wicker table and went into the kitchen to talk with her black servants.

There never seemed to be enough time, back then, during the '60s civil rights movement. But I don't think that any of us ever believed it was dead or finished or that anything had ever happened to it. I think we knew, actually, that it would have to take second place, because the white liberals had gone crazy over peace, and the media was more into following wild white liberals than those of us who worked for day-to-day changes we said the civil rights movement could bring.

So I don't think I was surprised when someone told me recently that white kids—from the Antioch School of Law in Washington, D.C.—were living and working in the ghetto areas again. I wasn't surprised because we knew that the movement would come back and that it would do so on more fundamental levels. I think the only emotion I felt, initially, was the same kind of left-out anger that hit me when I couldn't go to Atlanta to Dr. King's funeral because I was stuck in a tiny town in Alabama without the money for a bus ticket and people there kept telling me to obey their curfew because the cops had orders to shoot to kill anyone on their streets at night. And the anger then swung into a kind of enraged remorse, a bloody, belligerent desperation in which I wanted to see their whole vicious town burned flat to the earth, on that night when every gun in America should have been unloaded, discarded forever.

The first-year law students at Antioch who have moved into the Washington ghetto area—moved right in with blacks, and for a full two weeks, to prepare themselves to be street lawyers—have done something which only years and time could have let them get away with. They have professionalized the civil rights movement of the '60s. They made me feel like Yossarian when the young recruits carried the dead man out of his tent, over night, but didn't solve his problem, just moved it.

The students at Antioch are soft-spoken and articulate. Their voices are lower than ours were because they don't have to rush into things. They can take their tuition-paid time being good liberals and reflect on it for hours each day. When I first heard about it, this kind of radical-chic leisure annoyed me. We never had it that good.

It costs Antioch $10,000 to run the live-in program for its 144 first-year students, each family receiving $30 a week to house and feed a lawyer to be. When Antioch opened its law-school doors last year, the live-in period lasted six weeks and the program cost $30,000. According to Dan Olan, an attorney/professor at Antioch, it was his decision to cut the period to two weeks and he did it to save money.

It costs like hell to go to Antioch, almost as much as it does to get inside the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BETSY K. FRAMPTON

Antioch student Jeff Smith quickly became part of the family he moved in with during his "street law" training.

doors at Harvard, Columbia and Yale—$2,900. And there's no endowment. The students get by as best they can.

"My family has a certain amount of money they want to spend on me," says Andrea, who has long hair and an intense face and who acknowledges that her family is well-off. "So they can spend it to equip me to serve other people."

Andrea and other first-year students are sitting in the foyer of the turreted building Antioch uses for classrooms out on 16th Street, several blocks behind the White House. Some of the students are encountering for the first time the hard lines of different value systems, and all of them—the black ones especially—are reacting to one another's experiences. All of the families they live with are different, ranging from those on welfare who really can use the $30 a week, to those who are just now emerging into the middle class and feel the middle-class obsession with community involvement. No student can be excused from the live-in program and the emotions it is generating read like a whole catalog of 1960's culture shock.

An Alabama native, Greene, 27, is now at Columbia Journalism School. He's been in the civil rights movement 10 years.

Etta is a 30ish black woman from the Washington area. She has been assigned by Antioch to live-in with an elderly black woman and the woman's foster son. "She has more spending money than I do," Etta says, and laughs. "This lady has sour cream on her potatoes, and we never knew about sour cream."

The other students in the foyer laugh and nod their heads. It is an easy time of the afternoon for them—a period Antioch has assigned them for "reflection" on their live-in situations. Another black student, a young woman with a low Afro and a checked dress, looks up. "It's like going home," she says.

"The family I'm living with is not poor," says Melody, a white student in bluejeans. Melody's eyes flash around the group, as if looking for confirmation. "They have five television sets, carpeting, and a stereo system. They own a lot of the houses in the neighborhood."

Melody says that a friend referred to her live-in family as "slum lords," and the young black woman with the Afro stands up, as if to leave.

"When I heard your friend say that the other day, I wanted to smack her in the mouth," the black woman tells Melody. "Those people are trying hard to get into the middle class."

"You don't know what it is to be poor until you're in that situation and there's no exit," Etta says. "I could write you a book on my own experience—my own experience is vastly worse than the live-ins."

"That's right," the angry young black woman says. "A lot of the more affluent students were looking for ragged, snotty-nosed children to live with. But people who're just down-and-out wouldn't be hooked up with this program. People finding food and clothes are not worrying over law students."

The sparks subside for a moment as other students join the group, coming in out of the warm bright sunlight on the foyer steps.

"All it's making me do is dislike people who're living in the ghetto," a white woman student says, rubbing her cigarette out in an ashtray. She has long, painted fingernails and she is older than the students sitting around her. "Most of my time is spent keeping the babies out of things," she says. "Out of my suitcase, my books, the air conditioner. It's such a horrible place I wouldn't let my dog sleep there."

She sleeps there, though. She and

her fellow students at Antioch who have chosen the professionalized route to becoming the street lawyers which Antioch said it would turn out.

In Alabama we slept on floors and encouraged middle-class white kids to go into the ghetto areas to live, and Jack Drake—who was preparing to be a street lawyer back then and who is one today—told the Dean of Law at Alabama that if a coat-and-tie regulation were enforced he would wear just exactly that to class, and no more. The Antioch students wear the radical denim of the '60s, the uniform of the movement. Their voices are softer than ours were. They are less hurried when they move from the gothic classroom building to the Meyer House mansion a few blocks away—their library—than we were when we walked the same city blocks and did not know that we were changing history so that Antioch would be a reality someday, today, now.

Neil has round, leaking lips like a young Mick Jagger. His blond hair falls around his shirt collar and he is tall and angular in his movements. On his application form to Antioch he listed the Society of Friends as a national hero. For his senior paper in undergraduate college in North Carolina, he sought to prove that electronic music was more esthetically valid than classical music. After defending his paper for six and a half hours, he told his instructors, "I cannot prove what I set out to prove."

Neil and Jeff, another Antioch student, live-in with a young black woman and her three kids in a housing project. "The neighborhood doesn't quite know how to receive us," Neil says. "Some of them think we're police detectives."

> "I feel like yelling, 'Where were you in 1968?' But then I remember that they were too young then"

The apartment they're staying in did not have heat for four months last winter. The hot water runs constantly in the bathroom, full-force, and the only cold water is in the kitchen. The apartment is three blocks away from the United States Capitol.

"Jeff and I go out and pass a football with the project kids and organize them into teams. It's obvious that nobody there spends any time with the kids. We've been teaching them to write their names."

Neil sits in the student lounge of the classroom building and his voice and slight North Carolina accent are soft in the well-lit, deserted room.

He is 23 years old. When Dr. King led the great march across the Pettus Bridge in Selma, Neil was 15. When the last of the flower children ran like hell from the ghettos to join the peace movement, he was 17. As a student at Guilford College, Neil rode the buses to Washington for Moratorium Day and May Day. Now that the marches are over, Antioch is showing him a different Washington. "All of us in the program were sent to apply for unemployment. I followed a white woman through. She was in her early 40s. It took about four or five hours. For Food Stamps, it takes all day."

And to hear the voice of a young Neil Rabin, an Antioch student training to do the very things we always wanted to see done, brings back momentarily all the faces and voices that rushed past in those years and makes them seem only a blink away. For a second, I feel like standing up and shouting at this young man who

Student Etta Green Johnson, at left, says that the woman she lives with, Mrs. Charlotte Fillmore (at the head of the table), "has more spending money than I do."

Neil Rabin plays in a park with the children of the family whose home he is sharing for two weeks.

speaks so softly. I feel like yelling at him, "Where were you in 1965? Where were you in 1968? Where were you in 1971 when we needed you and thousands more in Butler, Alabama?" But then I remember that he and the rest were just too young, that they were waiting in line for their turn . . . and that now they are taking it.

"If a similar situation to the Cambodian bombing took place, I'd demonstrate tomorrow," Neil says. "But not last year and not the year before."

Another Antioch student has already told me, "In the spring of 1970, we were running the world. By the next fall, the world had taken back over."

And then I realize where they were, know for certain that they were there, all along, that the night the sleek blonde woman turned and asked, "What has happened to the civil rights movement?" I should have just told her to be patient, that she would get hers, too, in due time.

The Antioch students are safe. Maybe they won't be able to practice law in the streets, as they're being trained to do, and maybe the clinical approach to legal education really does not accomplish as much, in the long-run, in getting its students ahead of other law-school graduates, as they say it will.

But the Antioch program, more than anything else, is one small part of the '60s professionalized. It is not people marching and folks singing and kneeling in streets to pray. It is, in microcosm, everything we always told ourselves we were working toward actually put down on paper in black and white.

It's Neil Rabin from North Carolina and another student who listed as his national hero, Janis Joplin. It's no different from the way we said it would be. It's just staggering to watch it happen, finally, after the white kids have come dragging back to the civil rights movement now that the peace movement has officially ended.

One night while I was at Antioch, there was a large party at a house where several students live. It resembled a fraternity party. The whisky was flowing and the sweet smell of joints got lost in the air once or twice. They were dancing that night. First- and second-year students crammed inside and did some sort of nostalgic-looking stomp on top of Janis Joplin's grave, on top of the whole strident spirit of the '60s that had never gone dead. And outside, across the streets of Washington, the night lay crisp and firm where the kids of America had once come to demand change.

A tall second-year student who wore a beard stood beside me on the brick patio behind the house. The light coming through the windows behind us hit his face and his beard and his eyes. He talked slowly and the light drew out his words as it struck his face. Then the light went away for a few seconds. People were standing in the window, blocking it. The noise inside erupted and his words were hard to make out. Then I thought I recognized what he was saying and I told myself, no, dear god, no, don't let him ask me that question.

But I couldn't hear what he was saying. The noise from the Antioch party filled up the space between us. He stopped talking and we smiled meaninglessly and went back inside and walked through the large house which was smashed with people. A slurping sound went up from the floors everywhere we walked. It licked at our feet and ankles but, we walked on across it and I was glad when the floor didn't cave in under us. The night was thick out the front door and I stepped into it and looked back once and saw them standing on the front porch and I knew that if I didn't get to the car, fast, the '60s would catch up with me again. ●

SEX

Frank talk and graphic comics make for a sex-education program that actually works

By Roger Simon

Delcine Townes–25, black and willowy, possessor of a Master's degree from the University of Chicago–has just walked into the room carrying a plastic, cut-away pelvis under one arm. All of a sudden, the pages of the comic books stop rustling and a collective shiver of goosebumps ripples across the bare, teenage tummies peeking out between the halter tops and faded jeans of the girls seated in Chicago's Planned Parenthood Center.

A girl who has been chewing gum furiously over a comic-book chapter entitled Masturbation ("a normal expression of sex for both males and females. Enjoy it.") looks up, sees the pelvis under Delcine's left arm and then looks at the box of foam injectors, the rubbers, the birth control pills, the tubes of spermicidal jelly, the diaphragms and IUD loops that Delcine is carrying in her other arm. The girl rolls her eyes upwards and says to her friend in mock seriousness, "I do believe we are about to get to the nitty-gritty."

"Ladies," says Delcine, holding one hand high above her head so that the thumb and index finger form a line. "Let's pretend this is my vagina."

Now just wait a second, lady. What is going on here? Why should these baby-faced little girls who are still learning to not wobble on their six-inch platform heels also be learning the proper insertion of an IUD? "Ladies, if during intercourse your boyfriend tells you he can feel something biting him, don't go around feeling like you're dynamite," Decline advises the group. "It just means your IUD has slipped."

"Why teach them? *Why teach them!*" exclaims Sol Gordon, the director of the Institute of Family Research and Education at Syracuse University, a PhD from the University of London, and the creator of *Zing Sex Comix*. "You think just because there's a sexual revolution that kids know more? Well, they don't–they're just having sex more."

The girls sitting around in the pastel brightness of Chicago's Planned Parenthood Teen Scene, range in age from 11 to 19 and they agree with Gordon. They are young and getting younger. The average age of the girl sitting here waiting to get some information, some free birth control devices, or a pregnancy test has been dropping every year since 1969, when Illinois law made it legal to help them without getting parental consent. Teen Scene began providing its free services–using funds from an HEW grant–in 1970. And it has found Sol Gordon's sex comics, which began publication in 1971, to be one of the most effective means of reaching teens and pre-teens.

"When I asked mother about sex," says Debbie B., 14, who has come into the Teen Scene clinic this day, "she said go look in the drawer. I was afraid to even look. What was supposed to be in the drawer anyhow? But it was this sex book, this, um . . . manual. It was like an encyclopedia or something. What was I supposed to do, carry it with me?

"Well, my girl friend had this comic book, the one about 10 sex facts, and it was different. It was honest and well, it didn't, uh . . . shit around, you know?"

Sol Gordon's comic books, done in skull-cracking shades of orange and blue, feature drawings found more often on public restroom walls than "serious" sex manuals. The chapter on contraceptive foam is illustrated by a drawing of a fireman shooting an extinguisher between a woman's legs. The chapter titled Perversions shows, in what may be a landmark in sex education, a man propositioning a parrot.

"Kids just won't read anything else but comic books," Gordon says. "Look, there are several hundred sex-education books around, and you know who reads them? Librarians. The adults look at them and say they're in very good taste–and their kids wouldn't be caught dead looking at them."

Gordon's Ed-U Press has distributed more than 500,000 of the four "Zing" type sex-education comics around the country (10¢ to 25¢ each, depending on volume, to cover printing and mailing costs). They answer questions about pregnancy, venereal disease and drugs. They also reassure kids that all those thoughts they've been having and all those things they've been doing aren't all that bad–and as long as they're doing them anyway, they might as well avoid VD and pregnancy.

Long an outspoken critic of the sex education youngsters have been getting in this country, Sol Gordon became truly alarmed while serving on the 1972 Presidential Commission on Population Growth and the American Future. The commission found that the American birthrate was decreasing in every age category–except that of teenagers. Not only had there been 200,000 out-of-wedlock births by teenagers in 1972, but 2.5 million unwed girls, age 15 to 19, had had intercourse, most without contraceptives. Yet parents in this country have not turned out in great numbers to support Sol Gordon's comics or programs like Planned Parenthood's Teen Scene.

Only a small percentage of Teen Scene's "clients" tell their parents they are attending the program, because most feel they would be forbidden to go. About 80 percent of the kids (one-third of whom are from the suburbs) hear about the program from friends. A girl then simply calls the center and is given an appointment for a group session, which usually means a four-week wait because of the high demand. She is told to bring her parents if she wants to (almost no one does) and to bring her boyfriend (about 10 percent do). Once at the session, the girl will have group discussions lasting about four hours, she will undergo a physical examination, and she will receive personal counseling on birth-control devices.

A Chicago Sun-Times *reporter, Roger Simon says, "When I researched this piece, I realized how old I was." He is 25.*

COMICS

About 90 percent of the girls choose pills.

The girl leaves with her free birth-control devices and is asked to come back for a six-month checkup, a one-year checkup, and annual checkups thereafter. Girls can come in any time for a pregnancy test. Among those who leave the clinic with birth-control devices, only one percent come back pregnant.

Nancy Fisher, the 28-year-old director of Teen Scene, is very enthusiastic about that low failure rate and about Sol Gordon's comics. "We distribute about 500 comics per week," she says, and these are passed down through high schools and elementary schools the way *The Harrad Experiment* once was. Teen Scene uses the *Ten Heavy Facts About Sex* comic. "Heavy Facts" is based on the 10 questions asked most by more than 10,000 teenagers whom Gordon polled in confidential questionnaires. The subjects of the questions are, in order: Normality, masturbation, homosexuality, perversions, venereal disease, penis size, pornography, pregnancy, birth control and abortion.

"These things almost never appear in a school's curriculum," says Gordon. "The schools reduce sex to plumbing and expect kids to be interested in things like Fallopian tubes." Gordon maintains the comics are absolutely necessary if we are to reduce the number of out-of-wedlock babies (which amounted to one-third of all Chicago births in 1972) and cases of VD (300,000 nationwide last year).

A 13-year-old girl is squirming anxiously during a group discussion at the Teen Scene clinic. The girl, who has carefully dressed for the session by wearing a black-and-white-checked suit and matching jewelry, finally manages to summon enough courage to break into the discussion on birth control. "Just what kind of birth control is best if you don't," her voice drops to a near-whisper, ". . . do it a lot?"

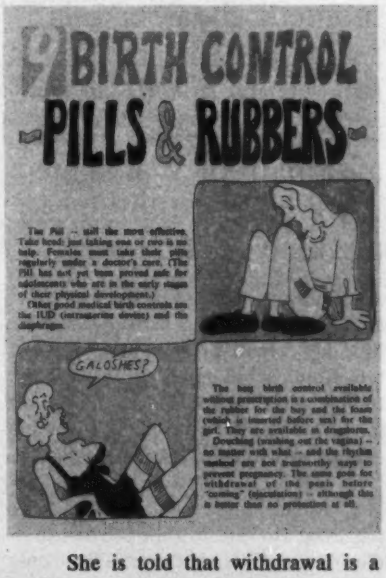
"Well, that depends on how often you do 'do it,' " says Delcine Townes.

"Well, after the prom," the girl says—and the room explodes into hoots and howls. "And New Year's!" she shoots back in defense.

Delcine Townes, who is married but without kids of her own, has heard just about everything from these kids, and doesn't even smile. She answers all the queries from her seat on a cushion in the middle of a circle of the 15 girls, then moves the discussion away from questions of "plumbing" to questions of behavior.

"Now, ladies, did anyone use birth control before coming here?" No hands go up. "Well, what did you use?"

Debbie B., the girl who found out about sex in a drawer, volunteers that she has been using "withdrawal—and prayer." The group laughs and Debbie brightens a bit, going on to explain how she could always tell when her boyfriend should "get out" because "his breathing would get heavier."



She is told that withdrawal is a pretty crummy method, but no one has to tell Debbie B. She has been sitting here, her brown hair falling forward in a perpetual cascade of gloom, chewing gum and smoking cigarettes, waiting for the results of a pregnancy test. While the other girls have had to wait four weeks for an appointment, Debbie was taken immediately as an emergency.

A girl reads aloud from the back page of Gordon's comic, which under the heading "Morality is good for you" advises: "No sex with anyone who doesn't really care about you. Test by finding out if he'll go out with you even if you won't have sex with him." Then she says, "The difference between being promiscuous and not being promiscuous, is if you're really into your guy and he's really into you. If you really care about each other." Nods of approval from around the circle.

"There's nothing wrong with it if you are both committed to each other," another girl offers as Debbie B. rises at a summons and goes to see the doctor.

Similar stories are repeated and one is mildly shocked that in these times, love is still the ingredient which separates "nice" girls from "not nice" girls.

"Well," Debbie B. says, coming back into the room after her meeting with the doctor, "I'm pregnant."

She scoops her packs of gum and cigarettes into her purse and goes downstairs, it being a little hard to listen to a discussion on what precautions she *should* have taken. "I told my parents I was going down to the Art Institute to look at the Chagalls," she tells a reporter who has followed her, glancing at her watch. "This ought to have been enough time to have soaked up some culture."

A hot wind blows the day's debris down the concrete canyons of Chicago's Loop, now virtually deserted. The sun is down behind the buildings to the west and Debbie's face is shadowed.

Suddenly she turns on the reporter. "Oh, stop looking at me like that!" she says in a burst of anger. "It's not the end of the world. And I'm not a slut either. My boyfriend loves me and I love him."

She begins fishing through her purse for another cigarette and, with the weariness of all her 14 years on her slim shoulders, she says, "Look, if you really want to help me, just do me one favor. Tell me what a god-damn Chagall is supposed to look like." ●

PHOTOGRAPH BY IRWIN HOROWITZ

Listen

That's Howard Cosell running for the U.S. Senate

By Bob Greene

"Young lady," shouts Howard Cosell, "do you know what it is . . . to be suddenly beset . . . by an open passion . . . a gnawing hunger . . . a desperate yearning . . . for a woman?" Cosell is looking up from his seat at a dinner table in the Marriott Inn of Cleveland, Ohio. The young lady has just approached him for an autograph, and Cosell is addressing her in tones only slightly less amplified and frenzied than those usually reserved for a 90-yard-pass play in the last moments of the fourth quarter of an especially tight Monday night football game. "Do you realize what it does to a man, young lady? If my wife were not here . . . at this very table . . ."

Cosell's staccato voice is ricocheting off every wall in the dining room, and it is achieving its intended effect; namely, there is not a person in the room who is not staring at the Cosell table. Some patrons from the next-door barroom, lured by the unmistakable sound of Cosell, are rushing in to get a look at him. The other diners at Cosell's table are attempting to deal with Howard's performance in as unobtrusive a way as possible. Emmy Cosell, Howard's wife, is smiling silently at her husband's bloodless romancing; it is one of his standard jokes, and she has seen it before. Frank Gifford, the former New York Giants' halfback and currently one of Howard's two announcing partners on ABC Monday night professional football broadcasts, is rolling his eyes toward the ceiling. And Joe Robbie, the millionaire owner of the Miami Dolphins, is leaning over to a reporter to answer a question.

> "I doubt that, right at this moment, the Senate is ready for Howard Cosell. But I think it will be by 1976. I think that in the aftermath of Watergate, my kind of truthfulness, my kind of candor . . ."

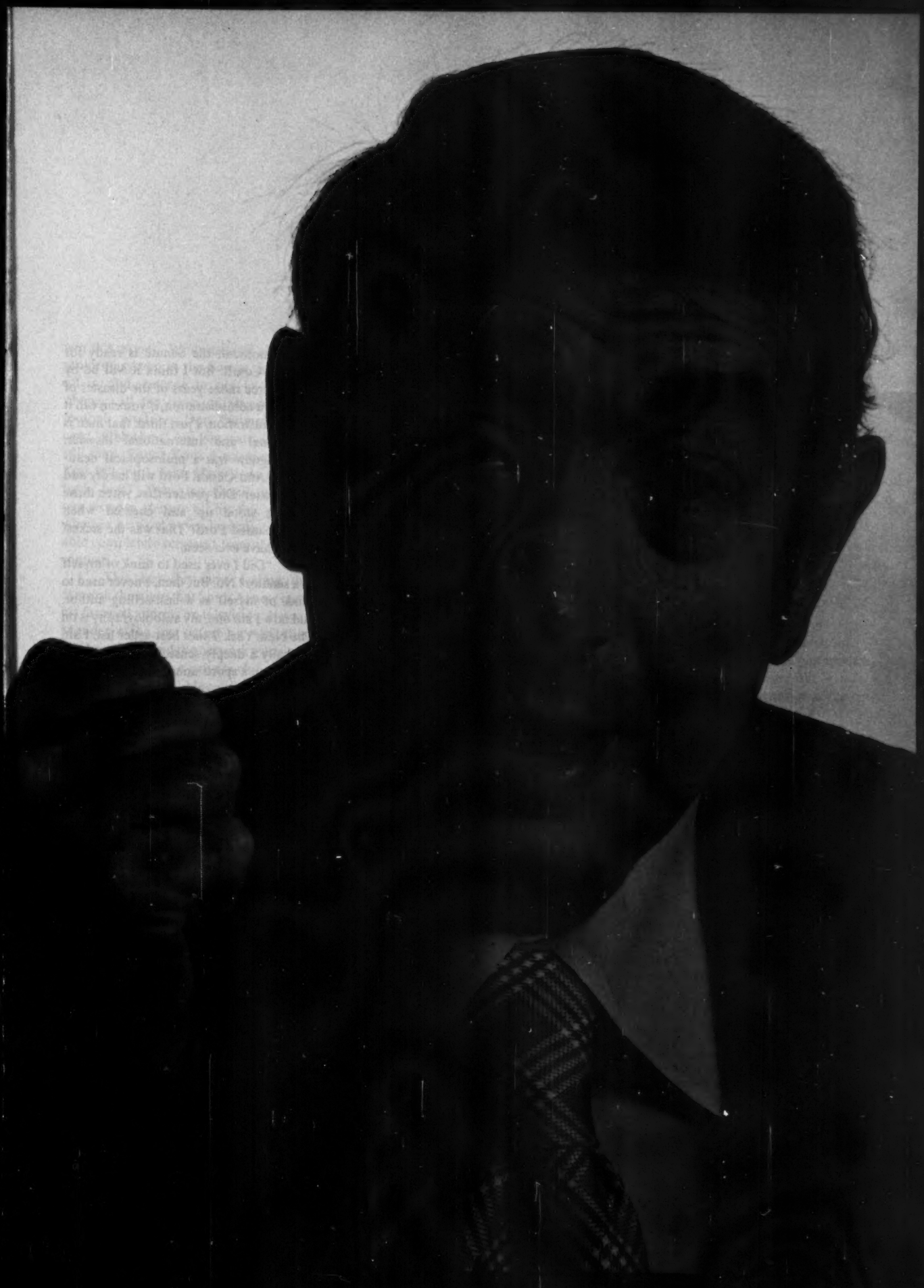
"Hell, yes, I'll help his fund-raising," Robbie says. "Who do you think suggested Howard run for the Senate in the first place? Me, that's who. I'll not only help his fund-raising, I'll start it."

So it is true. Howard Cosell, one of America's most familiar television faces, due to his acerbic, high-energy performance on broadcasts of athletic events, is not merely thinking quite seriously about making a run for the United States Senate in 1976; he has, in fact, already begun to make firm, detailed campaign plans. In a quiet moment, he will discuss them in specific terms. The race would be against James Buckley, in New York, with Cosell theoretically running as the Democratic party's candidate. Election day is three years from this week, but Cosell is already measuring support, consulting with politicians, calculating the odds.

Tonight is not a time for such heavy talk, however. Tonight it is a Sunday in Cleveland, the night before the telecast of the Browns vs. the Dolphins, and Cosell is doing what he loves best: allowing himself to be adulated in public. He glances around the room, greeting the gapers with a smile here, a nod there, a raise of his cigar over there. The fame he has built through television is what he is counting on to create his political constituency, and he visibly loves the turning of eyes that come his way each time his famous voice erupts. Frank Gifford tries to tell a story.

"Any of you ever hear of a restaurant in New York called the Grenadier?" says Gifford.

"No, but there is a place called the Grenadier in London," says Cosell. "I remember once, Chris Schenkel, you know how thin he is, he has a very bad stomach, we were in London. His stomach was upset again. I needed to get him some



American food. So we headed out for the Grenadier . . ."

A waitress approaches the Cosell table. "That gentleman over there in the glasses," she says, "he's from the Stop and Shop here in town, and he'd like to buy your table a drink."

"Tell him no thanks," says Gifford.

"Fine," says Cosell, "bring us another round."

"Howard," says Gifford, "if we let him buy us a drink, he'll want to come over here and talk."

"And if we tell him no," says Cosell, "all the local papers tomorrow will have headlines that say, 'Cosell Shuns Cleveland.' Now where was I in that story about the Grenadier?"

"Howard," says Gifford, "it was *me* that was trying to tell a story."

A band in the dining room begins to play. "Oh, listen, Howard," says Emmy Cosell. "Do you remember this song? It was 1939. I was at my peak."

"You dear," shouts Cosell, "were at your peak . . . several years later. The date . . . June 23, 1944. You were nervous. You were excited. You broke out in pimples. The reason: you were marrying me. The stage was set. You were wearing a powder-blue dress . . ."

Gifford interrupts: "You were wearing number 32 . . . you were a free agent from New Orleans . . ."

The whole room is gazing at the Cosell table. Howard waves. He is beaming. These are his people. The campaign has started. The making of Senator Howard Cosell has begun.

The television set in Cosell's hotel suite is turned on. A professional football game is on the screen, but the sound is turned down. Cosell is talking about running for the Senate.

"I do not have that many years left in my life," he says. "And I do not want to spend the rest of my life in the dugout. For once in my life I would like to come to terms with things that really matter. I

"I'm 53 years old now, and I'd like to feel that I had done something important before I die"

simply am not interested in how good a particular baseball player is in a hit-and-run situation any more.

"I'm 53 years old now, and I'd like to feel that I had done something important before I die. Yes, I have a certain amount of influence right now, because of the power of television, the large numbers of people that I reach. But you have to ask yourself: what is the *nature* of that influence? What does it mean to convince people that Larry Brown has lost a step? Such influence means virtually nothing. There is nothing more transitory in life, nothing more unimportant, than a sports event. But if I could influence X number of senators that my position on an issue is the valid position . . . now *that* would be influence."

Cosell is a self-defined liberal, an admirer of the late Sen. Robert Kennedy. Cosell's daughter, Hilary, in a letter to her father, once wrote, "And while I in all honesty cannot, despite the greatness you possess, attribute to you all the greatness of the Senator (Kennedy), I can compare you. There is much that is comparable. And coming from me, you know that is the highest praise I can give." Cosell carries the letter with him.

"I think I can prove to my own daughter that I'm capable of living up to that kind of faith," Cosell says. "Look, who's to say that I could ever become a Robert Kennedy? Who's to say that I could ever have the mind that he did? I like to think that I do. I'm not going to lie. I think that I'm a pretty smart guy. And I think I'll win.

"I have already received extremely positive reaction from several Democratic party leaders in New York. I think that in the aftermath of Watergate, my kind of truthfulness, my kind of candor, will be a key factor in my favor. I doubt that, right at this moment, the Senate is ready for Howard Cosell. But I think it will be by 1976. Three more years of the disaster of the Nixon administration, if you can call it an administration. I just think that man is a national and international disaster. Spiro Agnew was a philosophical neanderthal. And Gerald Ford will hardly add to the luster. Did you see that, when those senators stood up and cheered when Nixon named Ford? That was the sickest thing I have ever seen.

"Did I ever used to think of myself as a senator? No. But then, I never used to think of myself as a best-selling author, and now I am one, my autobiography is on The New York *Times* best-seller list. I am basically a deeply sensitive guy. I am far more than a sports announcer. I am probably the most recognizable face on television. And I have confidence. When Dean Martin goes on television and tells his audience that I am a super talent . . . when Frank Sinatra toasts me and says, 'Here's to the other king' . . . well, that has to give a man confidence."

Cosell can talk for hours about his wide-ranging interests, his global view, his disenchantment with sports, and sometimes, in that Cosell voice, his statement of his positions takes on the sound of a eulogy to Jackie Robinson: "I want a country . . . without racial anguish. I want a country . . . without slums. I want a country . . . not crippled by drug abuse. I want a country . . . that is constantly concerned with its aged and its underprivileged. I want a country . . . that is committed to peace . . . this is what I want for my country."

And yet, for all of his protestations about despising the jock mentality, Cosell sits in his hotel room and he interrupts a thought about the Nixon administration to scream at the NFL game on the TV set: "Jeez, he's a hell of a runner!" He stops talking about his election chances to bang his hand on the table and shout, "Look at that! Hold on a minute, I just want to watch this kick. The Giants are going to

win this game!" While talking about the seniority system in the Senate, he breaks off in mid-sentence to run to the telephone, call the room of Monday night football producer Don Ohlmeyer, and caw: "Ohlmeyer? Are you watching? You still think Chuck Knox is no coach, huh? You still think John Hadl is no quarterback, huh?" Watching Cosell, it makes one wonder, despite all his fine phrases, whether he would ever be truly comfortable completely removed from the sports context.

This was the same feeling that came on the night that Spiro Agnew made his farewell address on television. It was a Monday night, just before an ABC football broadcast, and the network was giving a cocktail party in a private club. Cosell, Gifford and Don Meredith, the third member of the ABC announcing team, were all there. So were the owners and officials of both football clubs, men wearing blazers with the crests of their teams, and so were 100 or more fawning admirers of the Cosell-Gifford-Meredith squad. The three were being surrounded. "Didn't you used to play with Kyle Rote?" someone asked Gifford. Gifford finally managed to break away, and he joined an acquaintance who was standing in a corner of the room. "What a freak show, huh?" Gifford said. "Look at these people. This is a trip, man."

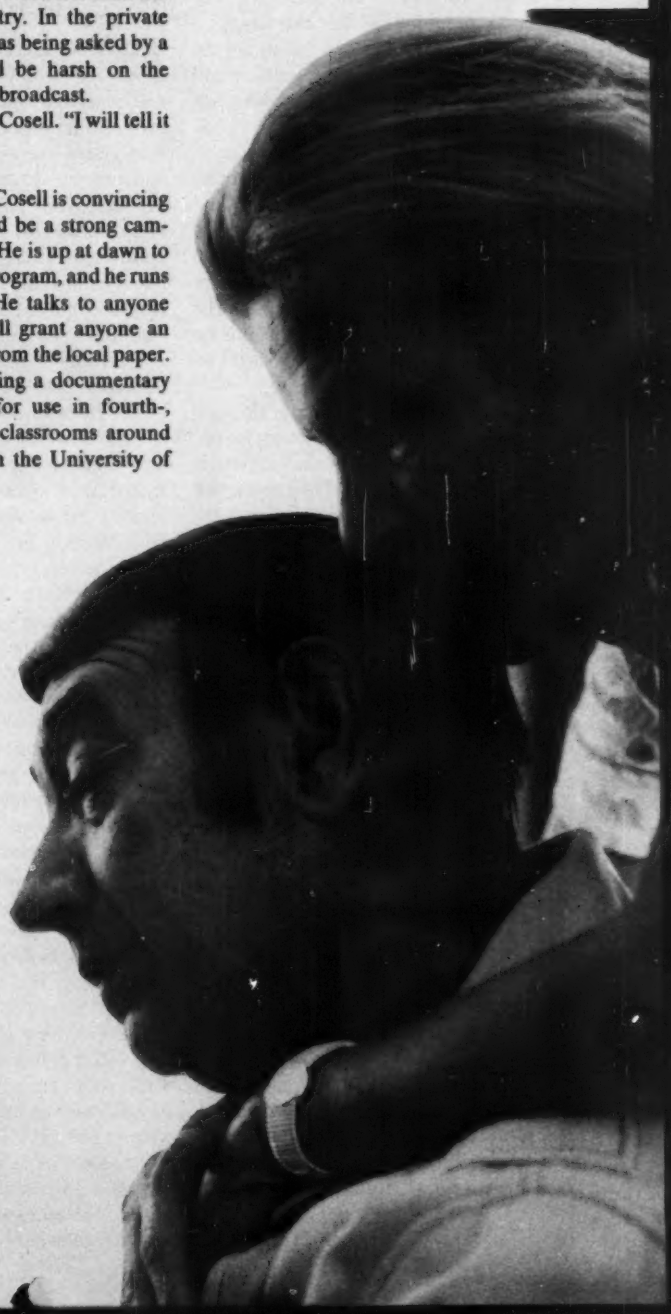
When Agnew came on the screen of a television in the room, Gifford and Meredith, who have been derided as the two jocks of the announcing team, hurried over to sit on the floor and watch.

With the exception of one or two other guests, they were alone. Everyone else in the room fled from the television set as if it were about to explode. "I knew this would clear the room out," Gifford said.

So Gifford and Meredith sat by themselves, watching political history. Across the room was Howard Cosell, sitting at the bar with NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle, holding court. On television, the former Vice President of the United States was saying that he had left office for the good of the country. In the private club, Howard Cosell was being asked by a fan whether he would be harsh on the home team during the broadcast.

"No way!" said Cosell. "I will tell it . . . like it is!"

A few days spent with Cosell is convincing evidence that he would be a strong campaigner. He is tireless. He is up at dawn to do his network radio program, and he runs until after midnight. He talks to anyone who stops him. He will grant anyone an interview. A reporter from the local paper. A young film crew doing a documentary on Jackie Robinson for use in fourth-, fifth- and sixth-grade classrooms around Ohio. A reporter from the University of



Emmy and Howard Cosell.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY BENSON

Akron student-radio station. A young woman from the commuter newspaper of a Cleveland junior college, who has left a note at the hotel for Cosell requesting an interview. Cosell has his wife call her and tell her to come on up. After she has completed her questions and left, Cosell says, "If you're going to run for the Senate, there is no better way to recruit young campaign workers."

Cosell bitches from time to time that he has given up all his privacy, but he seems unwilling to accept the few private moments that are available to him. His days are dotted with episodes where he could have been left alone, but instead he invited an onslaught of attention:

—Cosell is being driven through downtown Cleveland. He is sitting by the window in the front seat of the car, which is caught in a traffic jam. No one on the street has noticed that Cosell is there. He sees Nathan Wallack, a vice president of the Cleveland Browns, in front of the Theatrical Restaurant. Cosell rolls down his window and screams, "Where is Nate Wallack? I must see Nate Wallack!" Immediately, he is the center of attention as pedestrians recognize the voice.

—Cosell is walking into Cleveland Stadium for the broadcast of the game. If he wishes, he can hurriedly be escorted to a private area where he will not be swarmed. But he walks through the crowd and shouts: "Monday night football is a carnival, it's a ticker-tape parade . . . there *is* no other game!" And he is surrounded.

—Cosell is leaving the lobby of The Hollenden House Hotel. Amazingly, he has managed to slip through it without being seen. He fixes that easily enough. He spots Leroy Kelly of the Cleveland Browns standing across the room. "Number 44!" Cosell calls. "I must talk to Mr. Kelly, number 44! Leroy, what is your current position on the advisability of Jewish ownership?" It is autograph time.

He has taken the phrase "I tell it like it is," which was a moldering cliche five years ago, and has somehow made it his personal property. He uses it three or four times every hour, especially when encountering young fans: "Let's lay it on the table, son! Let's tell it like it is!" He often ascribes his success to the fact that "I am the only one around who tells it . . . like it is," and the thought never comes up that there may be other men in the country who attempt to tell the truth, but who do not have the benefit of an audience of 40 million people every Monday night.

Every time he is stopped on the street for an autograph, he turns and says, "See, do these people hate me?"

He is awesomely sensitive to criticism, and he can quote lines from stories that slighted him years ago. He is convinced that much of the press is consciously out to harass him, and every time he is stopped on the street for an autograph, he turns to a companion and says, "See, now is that hatred, do these people hate me?" When he is asked why he thinks his fellow journalists are so set against him, he says "Envy . . . bitterness . . . all of the human frailties."

He is an absolute whiz at what he does; he is a master of the broadcaster's art, and of the art of creating a public personality for himself, and in case anyone is too dense to notice this, Cosell points it out. Cosell, reflecting on the success of Monday night football: "What I have done, surrounded by two jocks! What I have done! A miracle! I *am* the Monday night football package." Cosell, after taping the halftime highlights of other NFL games: "Arrogant, vain, obnoxious, verbose, a show-off. That is what they call me. But you just saw me do my work. And I am telling it like it is: there is no other man in the country who could do what you just saw me do."

Now he is ready to move on. "I have had a limited periphery," he says. "I know of no other world so utterly limited, so utterly devoid of intellectual thought, than the world of sports."

A race for the Senate would mean that Cosell would have to go off the air, at least temporarily. He says that—win or lose—he would never go back on.

Cosell is at the bar of the Wigwam Club, a private dining room inside the walls of Cleveland Stadium. The Monday night broadcast is over, and Gifford has left the stadium immediately, to return to New York; Meredith, too, has departed for the hotel. They have been stars since they were teenagers, and they do not need any post-game plaudits. For Howard Cosell, though, the big fame did not come until he was almost into his 50th year. He drinks a vodka on the rocks, and happily accepts the congratulations and good wishes of the people in the Wigwam Club, most of whom have not seen the broadcast, but have watched the game live in the cold of the Cleveland night.

The bartender in the Wigwam Club keeps sneaking glances at Cosell. The man is trying to work up the nerve to speak. He has seen Cosell on television so often, and now he wants to get just one sentence in, one interchange of words, just to cement the fact that their two lives have, indeed, crossed. Finally he does it.

"Mr. Cosell," the bartender says, "I have to admit that when you started doing the football games, I thought you were a jerk. But I've changed my mind. Now I think you're out of sight."

Cosell, wearing his bright yellow ABC sports blazer, turns to a companion at the next barstool. "Now what does that tell you about hate and love?" Cosell says. "Think about that, and then relate it to the Senate campaign."

Cosell takes another sip from his drink. He looks at his companion again. "I can sum it up to you in one phrase," Cosell says.

He pauses. He smiles. He sets his drink down on the surface of the bar. "Howard Cosell," says Howard Cosell, "knows where it's at." ●

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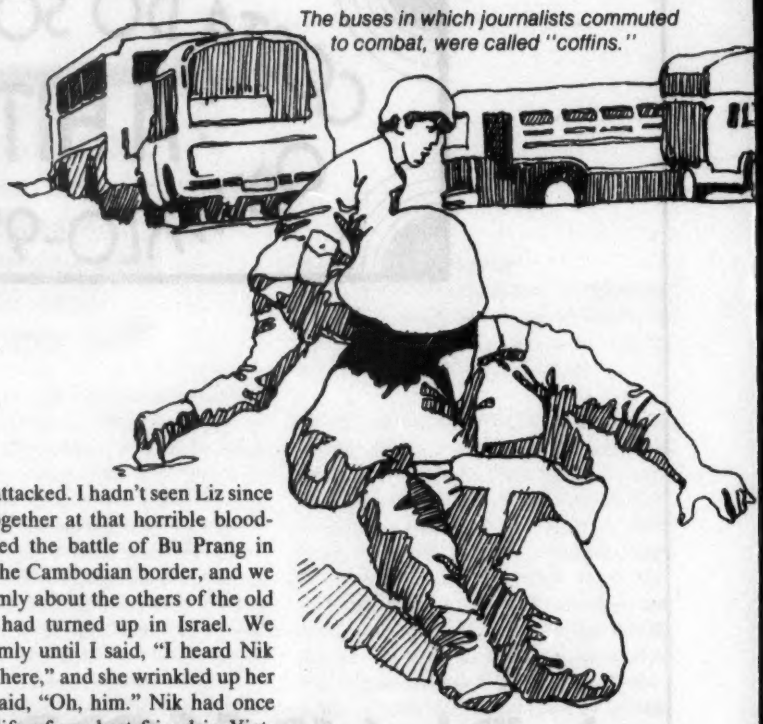
Vietnam reunion at the Mideast War

By Richard Boyle

The correspondents who had covered the combat in Indochina came from all over the world to get in on one more war



The buses in which journalists commuted to combat, were called "coffins."

William Marmon and I were in Vietnam together. He is now the bureau chief for *Time* in Israel, and the instant we ran into one another in Tel Aviv a few weeks ago, he shouted, "I knew you'd be here!" And he smiled. So many of the writers and photographers who had covered the war in Vietnam were showing up at the Mideast war that it was like a reunion. "It's like the pro golf circuit," said Murray Sayle of the London *Sunday Times*, "a private club where we all know each other."

When the Yom Kippur war broke out, we all faced the same problem: how to get one of the prized seats on El Al, the lone airline daring to fly to Israel. Most of us were caught by surprise in other parts of the world. Horst Faas, the award-winning *AP* photographer, was in the Pacific, on the Trobriand Islands. There was only one flight from the islands each week, and Horst had just missed it. He vividly conveyed, in his husky German accent, his annoyance at the delay in getting to one more war.

Liz Trotta of NBC told me she was running around the hills of northern Ireland with the Provos of the IRA on the day Israel was attacked. I hadn't seen Liz since we were together at that horrible bloodletting called the battle of Bu Prang in 1969 near the Cambodian border, and we talked warmly about the others of the old gang who had turned up in Israel. We talked warmly until I said, "I heard Nik Wheeler is here," and she wrinkled up her nose and said, "Oh, him." Nik had once saved the life of my best friend in Vietnam, and the thought occurred as I turned away from Liz that all reunions bring into the same area those who were not only close, but those who weren't.

I got together with Nik Wheeler briefly at the Golda Meir press conference during the war's second week. In Saigon, the press corps had been split between the older, establishment types who wore safari suits and drank martinis, and the freakies who stayed stoned on the legendary Craven A's—the potent Vietnamese grass. The freakies were also different because they often covered the hairier battles, and they took heavy casualties in Indochina. Now there are not too many left, but Nik Wheeler is one. A curly haired Englishman, Wheeler was friends with the photographers Sean Flynn, Dana Stone, Tim Page and a few others who came to be

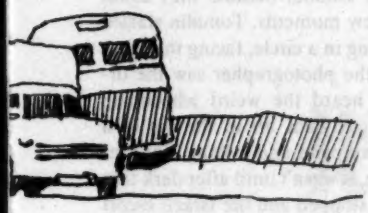


ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE PHILLIPS

known as the Saigon Freakies. Sean and Dana were last seen several years ago, driving Honda motorcycles into the hills, looking for the North Vietnamese army. Page was blown up three times, but he is at least alive and taking fine pictures on the West Coast. Terry Reynolds is gone. Terry Khoo, my close friend, was killed on the day he was supposed to leave Vietnam. He was to be married the next week, and planned to leave forever. Others were badly wounded in Vietnam, like my friend Thom Marlowe. He got burned out by the war, and once tried suicide. The last I heard, he was rotting in a Singapore jail on a dope bust. Combat photographers, if they are any good at all, see a lot of bad things. And I thought of this, standing there at the Golda Meir press conference, and looked at Nik as he snapped away for *Newsweek*. Nik was in some of the worst of it in Vietnam, and you can see it in his eyes.

I remembered the last time I'd seen him, on Christmas Eve, 1969. It was at John F. Kennedy Square in Saigon. The South Vietnamese underground, led by a young man named Nguyen Hong Long, had planned to demonstrate against the war. Nguyen Van Thieu, the dictator of Vietnam, was afraid of allowing a combined demonstration of South Vietnamese students and American GIs, and Thieu set a trap. There was only one narrow entrance into the square, and if Long went in, the Hoat Vu, Thieu's secret police, would never let him out alive. But Long, and a handful of American GIs and South Vietnamese students, went in anyway. The Hoat Vu had been hunting Long and other members of the Flower of the Dragon peace movement for a long time, but they didn't want to make Long a martyr. They didn't want his seizure photographed or reported in the press. But Thom Marlowe, of the *Overseas Weekly*, got a shot of the Hoat Vu kidnapping Long. Thom was immediately jumped by four Hoat Vu men, and one was about to split his head open with the butt of a .45 automatic. But at that moment Nik Wheeler came running up. He was assigned to photograph the demonstration for *United Press International*.

The establishment press types said Nik had become burned out, was no good anymore in combat because he didn't want to die for *UPI*. But he ran right up, stood there, and got a shot of the Hoat Vu man with his arm raised over Marlowe's skull. The secret policeman looked at Nik and then hesitated. Everyone froze. I expected to see Marlowe busted open, then Wheeler, and I could do nothing. But the Hoat Vu man's arm came down slowly. Thom Marlowe was let go. And Nik got away with his shot, one of the most incredible pictures I've ever seen. Now, at the Mideast war, it was good to see Nik again.

William Marmon invited me for dinner at his home in Jerusalem the night I ran into him. After we ate a great chicken dinner cooked by his beautiful wife, Lucky, and drank a couple of bottles of Israeli wine and some Irish whisky, we got a little maudlin. We spoke of our MIAs, of those others of us, like Sean Flynn and Dana Stone, who would have come here. Flynn had made the six-day war.

"Maybe Sean and Dana are holed up in some village, with several pounds of outasight Craven A's or Cambodian red, and don't want to come back to civilization," I said. It was a nice idea, but I didn't believe it.

Lucky, who was herself once a journalist for *Fortune* Magazine, interrupted our rather drunken recollections of the old days. "Boyle," she said, "you're crazy. You should have been dead a long time ago. You're all crazy, running around looking for wars." Ever since DoDo, a berserk Israeli, almost got her husband killed by trying to run a border checkpoint, Lucky has been nervous.

"Why do you do it. What do you have to prove?" she asked. "Every time he goes, I hate it, and I'll never change."

In Israel we went out to cover the war every morning on an old tour bus that was called "the coffin." I think my friend Marsh Clark, who had covered Vietnam for *Time*, named it that because the bus not only was slow and often got stuck in the sand, but had a very high profile that made it a lovely target. In addition, desert warfare made for an amorphous front that often seemed to confuse the Israeli bus drivers.

One morning we took a wrong junction in a dusty road and found ourselves heading right into Syrian artillery fire. An Israeli captain in a private car stopped to tell us to turn back. "What for?" demanded an English reporter. The riders of the coffin then debated the merits of going one way or the other, and it became anarchy. "The Syrians have the road zeroed in," I said. "There's no point in going any farther on it." "What's the matter, you chicken?" said the Englishman, who had never been in combat before.

We turned and headed back to Tel Aviv, and the safety of the swank bars and swimming pools at the Miami Beach-style Plaza and Hilton and Dan hotels. Here the newsmen, whose expense accounts attracted a horde of beautiful camp followers, cavorted every night. The whole thing left me in a sort of culture shock. We'd drive up in the morning to watch the dying and see the bloated bodies thick with flies, then come back at night to sip gin with beautiful Sabras. I didn't like this kind of war reporting, and made repeated requests to go out with Israeli units for extended periods. "Put it in writing," I was told. "In triplicate." I did. Permission was never granted. The lumbering coffin, which was strafed by MIGs in the Sinai and fired upon by rockets in the Golan, came to be regarded by some of us as blessed by magic. We never took a hit.

Most of the reporting to come out of the Yom Kippur war, and most other wars, comes not from the eye-witness accounts of journalists, but from the daily briefings by military spokesmen. In Vietnam, a starched colonel from the MacV Public Information Office would give the daily body count, like a football coach after a game. In Israel, at the massive Beit Sololov—which we called the military's ministry of truth—an Israeli colonel would stand by a map and say, we shot down so many Syrian planes, we advanced so many miles, etc. The Arabs did the same, and this was what the reader got in his daily newspaper.

There was a reporter I knew in Vietnam who covered the war by religiously attending MacV's five o'clock follies. In his three years there, it was said, he never went to the front. So the old Vietnam hands in the Mideast were astonished to actually see him one morning get aboard the Sinai coffin-bus. A seedy, ferret of a man, he tossed and turned in his seat all the way out, moaning about the discomforts of the trip. Finally he tried to get some sleep.

The coffin stopped at an Israeli naval base, a few miles from the front. Overhead, a black dot that was an Israeli Phantom jet could be seen. Suddenly, another black dot trailing a white line of vapor came up fast from below and closed in on the jet. This caused a flurry of excite-

ment on the coffin. "Hey, what do you think this is, a circus?" the ferret moaned. "Man, you ought to see it—a SAM 6 is locked in on a Phantom," I said, rushing out the door with my camera.

I was fascinated. It was like watching a war of the future. The SAM 6 was the newest Soviet missile, which was being tested in combat for the first time. The SAM 6 had knocked down scores of Israeli planes. The Phantom tried to twist and turn to evade the missile, which was still closing. The Americans, according to the Arabs, were bringing in the same type of drone aircraft they used in Vietnam. Would we someday actually see battles between robot armies, unmanned missiles fighting each other over deserted wastelands? But now, in the sky above me, that Phantom was being flown by a human being, and he was fighting for his life, taking every conceivable evasive action. Yet the SAM 6, seemingly only yards away now, kept tracking him, zooming in. Suddenly, at the last instant, the Israeli jet veered right—and the missile shot past.

"The Phantom made it!" I yelled, hopping back on the bus. "The Phantom made it!"

"So what," said my colleague, the ferret, without opening his eyes.

Murray Sayle once told me that being a war correspondent was like having a box seat to watch history, but one night at the Marmons I grew angry because I learned the Israelis were about to mount one of the epic tank assaults of our time—and they were barring the press from the ballpark. Bill got the tip from a friend in the Israeli military, who called late this night to say they had crossed the Suez but were kicking all press out of the Sinai. I had had it in my mind for some days to try to make it to the front on my own. I had managed to scrounge an Israeli army uniform, and Lucky had been teaching me a few phrases of Hebrew which might get me by the checkpoint. My plan was to hitchhike through the lines to the front. Lucky rehearsed me in the Hebrew phrases, but shook her head and said I was nuts. *Macho gutso.*

Bill and I tried to reassure her. Maybe in the beginning it was *macho gutso*, I told her, but those experienced in the business don't take unnecessary chances. None of us who had been there before were engaged in any John Wayne heroics.

"Lucky," said Bill, rubbing his beard, "there is an historic battle shaping up in the Sinai *tonight*."

"I wouldn't miss it for the world," I said, just picturing what might be going on out there within hours.

Nicholas Tomalin, a British journalist, was one of the few Vietnam hands who didn't really want to go to the new war.

Within hours the tough Israeli security had secured me, showing absolutely no respect for history.

Nicholas Tomalin identified with the war-weary British journalist, the antihero of Graham Greene's *The Quiet American*, who said there is something indecent about writing on war without sharing in some of the risks. Like Greene's character, Tomalin was also a British journalist who had covered the Indochina war. Tomalin wrote an award-winning story about an American general who said, "If it's one thing I like, it's killin' Cong." The story was eventually turned into a satirical London musical called "U.S."

Tomalin survived the Indochina war to return to London to become literary editor of the *New Statesman*, and later a writer for the *Sunday Times*. Murray Sayle, also a *Sunday Times* writer and a close friend, got a call one Sunday morning some weeks ago from Tomalin. "Hey, you lazy bastard," Tomalin said. "Instead of you, who've been there, they're sending me to Israel to cover this war." Tomalin didn't really want to go, because he didn't know his way around the Mideast, but Sayle, who was busy on another assignment, briefed him as best he could. The 42-year old Tomalin said goodbye to his wife and four children and was off.

It seemed safe enough when Tomalin, with an Israeli escort officer and a German photographer, drove out in a hired car to the Syrian front to look at some burned-out Arab tanks. Driving in a car was a lot safer than riding in the coffin. They parked the car to photograph a cluster of dead tanks, and by accident had wandered right up to the front and weren't aware of it.

The photographer, almost finished with his picture-taking, asked Tomalin to turn the car around, because they could leave in a few moments. Tomalin started the car, swung in a circle, facing the other way. Then the photographer saw the orange flash, heard the weird whooshing noise. The car went up in the air in a thousand tiny parts and a huge cloud of black smoke. It wasn't until after dark that the shelling stopped and the Israeli escort officer and the German photographer could go out and recover Nick Tomalin's body.

Rory Archibald, who wasn't a journalist, was on the coffin a week or so later. A young man carrying a bottle of gin which he tasted regularly, Rory had come to Israel to fight, and we had heard that this would be the last day of the war. "They turned me down," he said. "I said I wanted to fight, but they said they didn't want me." He leaned forward unsteadily, shook himself and held out the bottle. "Want some gin?"

Syrian shells, which had been landing over a quarter mile away from us, abruptly started coming in close enough to shake the coffin. "What's—what's happening?" asked Rory, his head waggling.

The bus withdrew and we stopped for lunch a couple of miles to the rear. Someone shouted, pointing to the sky, "Look, a dog fight!" Sure enough, two Israeli Mirage fighters were chasing a lone Syrian plane—a post-Korean war MIG-17. The MIG heaved and bucked and twisted and dove and climbed, but the Mirages drew closer: two sharks closing on a tired, aged dolphin. The Mirages were armed with Sidewinder missiles, which tracked the exhaust heat emitted by the opposing jet.

Rory, now quite drunk, mumbled something unintelligible and looked up. I was overcome with emotion. That Syrian pilot must have been very brave, I thought, to take off on this last day of the war in that clunky old MIG when he knew very well there was every chance he would meet an Israeli Mirage. Now he had met two of those sleek, silver craft, and there was no way for him to escape. Still, I wanted him to, wanted him to soar over the horizon, to get away. It was absurd to die on this, the last day of combat.

All three planes dove as one and disappeared behind a hill. I couldn't see what happened, whether it was the Syrian plane that caused the explosion I heard. I lowered my eyes, hoping it wasn't. ●

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NEW TIMES

By Joan Barthel

The Ultimate Halloween Party

"I haven't been to a masquerade party since I was a girl in Indiana," said one guest. "And this is a far cry"

"Are you here as a voyeur?" someone asked me abruptly. I said no. Later it occurred to me I had come to the party as Alice, stepping through a glass door into a visual and psychological wonderland that was exotic, exciting, unsettling; not easy to interpret or even understand.

Was it a party at all? Or theater? Or an all night mirage? By any name the event called "Halloween à la Fellini" in New York last week was staggering, from the moment I saw Medusa, wearing a dozen writhing grey plastic snakes, a mustache, and an enormously jutting pair of chalk-white plaster breasts, striding through the door. Next came a tall gaunt man in a white shroud, fresh orchids dripping from his neck and wrists. Two vampires dragged in a life-sized black coffin. A fan dancer, six feet six (I asked), wearing Carol Channing lashes and teeth and gashing smile, with a beige silk G-string over lots of hairy leg, danced in. "I'm an egg tree," announced a man in a forest-green tank suit with eight gorgeously decorated golden eggs swinging from plumes taped to his head. Two muscular nuns lifted yards of black gabardine to do a chorus kick with an old-west harlot in scarlet mesh. "If you shake it and you break it, there's always Scotch tape," the harlot sang out hoarsely. "Ooh hoo hoo, pray for us," giggled a nun. Colored lights swept the dance floor. A tall thin male figure covered with silver paint, every inch, except for a scanty bikini bottom, strolled by, trailed by a short, stocky man in a shocking pink tutu, his bald head gleaming with sequins. Betsy Palmer, wearing a bemused smile behind a mirrored eye-mask, watched the passing parade. "I haven't been to a masquerade party since I was a girl in Indiana," she murmured, "and this is a far cry."

I knew what she meant. Although the invitations, in the form of a slick black-and-white glazed flyer, had promised a "very special party," I really wasn't ready for so much specialness. Forget witches, goblins, everyday black and orange; here, in hues of magenta and phosphorescent green and shimmering gold lamé, was the ultimate Halloween. Other parties across the country last week started at midnight and lingered until sunrise; other parties paraded the grotesque, the macabre, the bizarre. But the fact that George-Paul Rosell's elaborately visual treat happened in New York's Rainbow Room was more than a geographic trick. For the Rainbow Room is not just another pretty place; as an outpost of traditionalism, jazzy but somehow staid, where your visiting aunt can order a Pink Lady and get sweetly high "high above Rockefeller Center," as the convention brochures say, it is a symbol of something very safe, very solid, and very, very straight. So when George-Paul gave his Fellini party there, an event whose invitations defined a couple as "any two persons together," certain sociological frontiers were not only crossed, they were toppled. And even if you weren't there, you will be hearing the echoes, and you will be hearing about George-Paul Rosell, who plans to be the next Mike Todd.

George-Paul Rosell is dapper and young (28), with a delicately oval face and a black goatee. He has lived in New York for four years, but he was born in Cuba, the son of a rich planter who had the foresight not only to get out one year before Castro but to use his sugar money to buy Florida land. George-Paul, alternately known to his friends as George, Paul, or Jean-Paul, attended Coral Gables High, then went on to Ohio State because it accepted him, because it was there, though he didn't know quite where. ("Did you ever take a geography course?" he recalls his mother asking him. "Do you know where Ohio is? Do you think it's next door?") He studied art history in Ohio, but of course before very long he was turning up in Paris, California and Boston—especially Boston. In New York he acquired a roommate, a severely modest East Side walk-up with mattresses on the floor, *Viva* on the coffee table, an impressively trailing fern, and began to do some designing and decorating. But his heart has always been in parties. Two affairs he gave earlier this year pleased him: the Spring Celebration, at a downtown gallery, and especially his Carmen Miranda party at the end of a Fire Island Pines summer, where people came in tropical dress, including some banana halves: when you put them together horizontally, they made one whole banana. At his Halloween party, George-Paul came as a rainbow, in fluttering striped pastel cloth and many feathers. He took a bow at the end of the evening's entertainment, which included Fellini film clips that were censored from the original U.S. versions, put together from the private collection of Max Regis, one of his Boston friends; a marvelously professional package of songs and dances directed by Christopher

George-Paul Rosell, the host, came dressed in feathers and stripes.

Chadman of *Pippin*, and concluded with the audience singing "You Gotta Have Friends, Friends, Friends," along with the Bette Midler record.

George-Paul has so many friends that he keeps them in a card file, 938 precisely, a list which he says people have tried to buy from him but which he doesn't want to sell. When he gives a party, he tries to keep individuality in mind. "Not all themes go with all my friends," he explained. "Some are into costumes and make-up, some are into formal wear." Everyone at the party was into something, though; the invitations had specified "no nudity *please*." (There were, however, borderline cases, including two girls who were virtually topless, wearing jockey shorts bulging with what used to be called codpieces). I chatted with several of George-Paul's friends, including Sasha, the doorman. Sasha is six foot five with blond curls, black leotard with black mesh stockings and a cotton tail. Early in the party, he acted as doorbunny and bouncer; later on, he sat on a couch talking with another male guest. "I get home from school about 3:30, take a tranquillizer, and begin getting ready for the night, so call me about 3:45," Sasha said. Later I asked him where he went to school. He smiled. "I'm an elementary school principal," he said. I also met an architect, a lawyer, some designers, many actors and hairdressers. Altogether, the guest list ranged widely indeed, from Huntington Hartford to Prince Egon von Furstenberg to someone who wore a grey sweatshirt with large letters: I'M MR. RON. FLY ME; from Sylvia Miles to a wickedly witty actor known around town as Chatty Cathy. For such a long, crowded (over a thousand people) party, the scene was surprisingly serene. The party ended at seven a.m. with the announcement, "The sun is rising." I had left shortly before that, astonished that I had spent—and enjoyed—six hours at a party where there was no food, not much room to move around, and nothing to drink but tepid fruit punch.

At home the morning after, George-Paul was still euphoric. "I was *born* to love people," he told me, "and sometimes you have to *show* you love them. My friends have always said, 'We enjoy your parties so much, please give more.' People know they're going to have an incredible, unique time at my parties, which are good for the heart and the soul. I want to bring some excitement to the New York scene. Discotheques are not enough, and I'm not a gay-bar person." The telephone rang. George-Paul has a service, but today he was taking all calls. "Oh my God, thank you too, that's all I can say," he said. "I'll call you later, bye for now." He told me he didn't expect to make much profit on this party, and that the estimate I'd heard, that he'd net several thousand, was quite untrue. The phone rang again. "Oh my God," he said to me, "it's the *Daily News*, wanting to know why I gave the party. What'll I *say?*" We drank instant coffee in his kitchen. "I don't want this categorized as a gay party," he said, his brown, almost black eyes intently on me, "Many of my friends are straight. They even did the bunny hop at the party. What people do in bed is irrelevant. You and your husband could come to my parties and feel comfortable." I said we could. *Women's Wear Daily* called. "This is going to be my career for the rest of my life," he said on the phone. A pause. "I'd say about 70 percent men there. I hope that doesn't make a difference to you." The phone kept ringing, and I said I'd be in touch. "I'm a romantic," he said as we walked to the door. "I'm a little bit of Mike Todd, Perle Mesta, Elsa Maxwell. Many of them got paid incredible amounts for their parties. I'm negotiating with the Felt Forum for a New Year's Eve party, and I want to give a Mardi Gras party, and I want to charter a 747 and take out some seats and have dancing all the way to London for another party. My Halloween party was the beginning. It was the first party I charged money for, but people understand. They said to me, 'George, it cost me $15 to come to your party—but it made me feel like a million dollars.' " ●

"Terrorists suddenly find themselves blessed with numerous opportunities to steal material suitable for building their own nuclear arsenals"

the deadliest heist

By Roger Rapoport

The 87,000 men and women who work in America's burgeoning nuclear-energy empire are expected to live by one dominant rule: don't trust a soul. They are repeatedly warned there is no way to be completely sure of anyone. This message was clearly emphasized during the summer of 1972 when the Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) was suddenly forced to retire its 52-year-old security director, William T. Riley. It seems that during his five years as chief of security for the super-secret agency, Mr. Riley managed to borrow $239,000 from 59 employees of the AEC and its contractors. Of that amount $161,104 had not been repaid. An investigation subsequently revealed that the security chief had spent a substantial portion of the money gambling at Washington-area racetracks.

Although Mr. Riley's departure has attracted little attention in the national media, it does raise an important question among those familiar with the incredible theft and sabotage dangers associated with nuclear weapons, power plants and processing facilities: Just who is protecting the nation's immense plutonium/uranium inventory from atomic-age terrorists, saboteurs and black marketeers?

The answer, in many crucial instances, is no one, according to a frightening new report by the Ford Foundation's Washington-based Energy Policy Project. The 550-page study, *Nuclear Diversion: Risks and Safeguards,* which will doubtless make headlines upon official publication next January, warns: "It seems only a question of time before some terrorist group exploits the possibilities for coercion which are latent in nuclear fuel."

Although the Ford study will not be officially released until 1974, NEW TIMES has obtained a draft version independently. The document shows how conspirators could easily steal fissionable material sufficient to produce nuclear devices capable of killing hundreds of thousands of people and causing billions in property damage.

"It is all too easy to imagine innumerable possibilities for nuclear diversion—a parade of horribles," write Mason Willrich and Theodore B. Taylor, co-authors of the Ford report. One of their many scenarios tells how an atom bomb planted beneath an office complex could lethally irradiate 50,000 people. Another scenario does in 100,000 football fans with a midfield detonation at halftime. A third converts a commercial airliner into a nuclear bomber suitable for attacking an entire city. Among the protagonists in these well-documented diversion scenarios are truck drivers, airline pilots, soldiers, guards, guerrillas, scientists and industrialists, as well as managers of nuclear-power plants, fuel-fabrication facilities, reprocessing plants and research reactors.

For years, would-be terrorists familiar with the relatively simple process of manufacturing a nuclear bomb have been thwarted by the unavailability of requisite fissionable material. But there has been a proliferation of nuclear installations in recent years, and with lax security or no security at many key points in the nuclear-fuel cycle, terrorists suddenly find themselves blessed with numerous opportunities to divert fissionable material suitable for building their own nuclear arsenals. Non-nuclear powers now have access to raw materials and relatively inexpensive assembly techniques that can give them atomic might. Uranium and plutonium, nicknamed "nuke," seem destined to take their place alongside coke, smack and speed in the pusher's inventory. With just a little help from black-market friends and access to an encyclopedia, maniacs could join the United States, Russia, Britain, France and China as nuclear powers.

The complete document is so unnerving that top AEC officials who've had an advance look would like to burn it. Because it is written by two of the nation's leading experts in nuclear weaponry and disarmament, the Ford analysis is hard to refute. Willrich, now director of the University of Virginia's Center for the Study of Science, Technology and Public Policy, has served as assistant general counsel of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. He is presently a consultant to that organization and has also been a delegate to the Geneva disarmament conference. Taylor, now president of the Washington-based International Research and Technology Corporation, has dealt with nuclear weapons in various AEC and Pentagon positions for nearly 25 years. From 1964 to 1967 he was deputy director of the Pentagon's Defense Atomic Support Agency (now the Defense Nuclear Agency), which manages America's

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE PHILLIPS

Roger Rapoport lives in California and is the author of The Great American Bomb Machine, *a book about nuclear weapons.*

Nations could be compelled to buy from the black market in self-defense

nuclear-weapons stockpile.

In their Ford study Willrich and Taylor find present AEC safeguards protecting nuclear weapons materials about as tight as security at the 1972 Munich Olympics. Among the gaping loopholes are:

• No "specific physical protection requirements for less than two kilograms of plutonium, even though a small fraction of that amount . . . is enough to make a radiation weapon capable of mass destruction."

• "No specific U.S. safeguard requirements . . ." for "physical protection of nuclear-weapon material at nuclear-power plants."

• "No specific physical protection requirements for shipment of low-enriched uranium (fuel for most of America's 30 reactors) regardless of the amount shipped."

• No night-security guards watching the enormous uranium/plutonium inventory at the nation's sole nuclear fuel-reprocessing plant in West Valley, New York.

• No "requirement for the presence of armed guards" during highly vulnerable inter-vehicle transfers or temporary storage of nuclear-weapons material. Also "armed guards are not necessarily required as part of the (nuclear) plant-security force."

• No physical protection standards for "nuclear-weapon materials exported from the U.S. to foreign countries."

The Ford analysis suggests this kind of laxity is an AEC tradition. Through the early '60s this agency erroneously assumed that Plutonium 240, an isotope typically produced in nuclear-power operations, could not be used for explosives. It also mistakenly believed a nuclear-weapons program was beyond the capability of all but the major industrially advanced countries. Soon materials-accountancy regulations began proving inadequate. In 1965 a private fuel-fabricating-plant operator reported unaccountable losses of 100 kilograms of over-90-percent-enriched uranium—enough to make five Hiroshima-size atom bombs. And beginning in 1969 the potential diversion of nuclear materials during transit became clear when several shipments were lost due to misrouting.

Mismanagement of this kind makes it easy for Willrich and Taylor to suggest dozens of credible diversion scenarios in their new report. For example a devious nuclear-power-plant employee could easily "fake an accident . . . which requires immediate evacuation of all persons from the facility . . . (This) thief might then be able to make off with a significant quantity of (nuclear) material through the emergency-safety exits."

Truck drivers who do not have to pass any specific security-clearance procedures to handle atomic fuel pose another threat. A profit-oriented criminal group might also hijack shipments and manufacture weapons for extortion plots or self-protection.

Black-market potential seems limitless. A loosely affiliated international ring of thieves could target vulnerable nuclear-fuel supplies throughout the world. Do-it-yourself customers would purchase raw nuclear material and the rest would pay a premium for fabricated weapons.

The Ford study is confident that "An initial sale or two of nuclear weapons to petty dictators with dreams of glory might enable" black-market operators "to play on the fears of more responsible leaders." Not knowing which nations have secret nuclear-weapons stockpiles, these leaders would be compelled to buy in self-defense.

Nations that refused to acquire atomic weapons could be in trouble. By 1980, 24 countries presently lacking nuclear bombs will have atomic-power stations. An insurgent political faction might be able to talk a sympathetic nuclear-plant owner or manager into slipping them fissionable bomb material. Alternatively, they might persuade a rebel army unit to help them seize the necessary uranium or plutonium.

Obviously many governments lacking atomic weapons could fight back by diverting nuclear materials from their own atomic-power plants. Cooperative plant managers "might be rewarded by the assurance of favorable future treatment with respect to their business operations." In a pinch they might even be able to borrow a little plutonium from friendly plant managers in other countries.

Another source of weapons fuel is the research reactor found at universities and technical centers throughout the world. Typical models operating in Israel and India produce enough plutonium for at least one nuclear weapon per year. Countries like Argentina and Italy could divert plutonium from pilot nuclear-fuel reprocessing plants. Spain could divert low-enriched reactor fuel into a small gas-centrifuge plant capable of producing high-enriched uranium for weapons. Japan and Germany can acquire bomb fuel from their extensive civilian nuclear industry in numerous ways.

Such prospects lead Ford to conclude that nuclear diversion is now a major worldwide peril: "The widespread use of nuclear energy seems to necessitate the rapid development of near-perfect social institutions. If we fail in this regard, the societies that are now the most advanced may well disintegrate."

Certainly the greatest risk is here in America where more than 800 nuclear plants are expected to be in operation by the year 2000. By 1980 tens of thousands of kilograms of nuclear weapon materials will be part of the U.S. atomic-power industry. Just one reprocessing plant set to open in 1975 at Barnwell, S.C. will handle 8,110 kilograms of plutonium annually. Roughly 129 shipments will move in and out of the facility each year. Terrorists seizing just one container will have enough plutonium to make nine Nagasaki-size atom bombs. ●

Little Stefan Better Not Laugh Or Else!

photograph by Ronald G. Harris

Because of their controlled press and their dictatorial rulers, millions of people behind the Iron Curtain grow up thinking that firemen wear red suspenders to demonstrate their solidarity with world socialism and that the chicken crossed the road to escape capitalist exploitation and seek a "utopian" way of life in the "poultry paradise" of a communist egg commune.

The citizens of the captive nations of Eastern Europe live in constant terror of the knock-knock joke in the middle of the night and of the ruthless secret riddle police who interrogate them for hours on end, demanding to know the identity of an object which is black and white and red all over, the similarities between a nun and a girl in a bathtub, and under what circumstances a door is not a door. For every incorrect answer, they are punished with a massive jolt from their tormentors' dreaded hand buzzers which the communist tyrants have transformed from a source of innocent amusement into a brutal instrument of torture.

One hundred million people live in Soviet satellite countries where glasses that don't dribble are the novelty and their limericks are forbidden by law to rhyme. The only laughs they get are in shabby dayclubs where they can, for a month's salary, drink watered down water and listen to comedians tell jokes like, "Why did the American throw the clock out the window?—Because it was a constant reminder of the fast approaching doom of imperialism" or "Who was that heroic socialist woman I saw you with last night?—That was no heroic socialist woman, that was a revisionist backslider parasite who persists in hewing to a splittist, anti-social viewpoint."

What can you do to help? Well, the *National Lampoon*, through Humor Free Europe and the Freedom to Laugh Foundation of Valley Forge, runs ads much like this in selected national publications to alert Americans to the important battle for the ribs and funny bones of mankind and promotes jokes at the expense of totalitarian regimes. Not only this, but every subscription dollar you send helps give the lie to the Soviet slavemasters of ceremonies and supports our way of laughs. Subscribe today. Remember, you can't spell "America" without the "m" and the "r" in "humor!"

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BOOKS

Vidal's new novel brings a relevant message from the nation's past

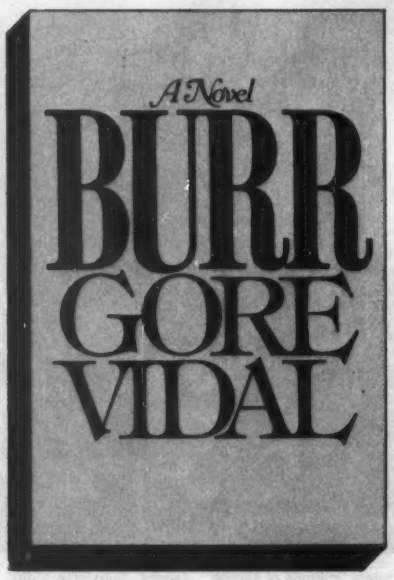
Burr by Gore Vidal, Random House, 448 pp., $8.95.

The semi-permanent curl etched to his lip—some, no doubt, would call it a sneer—is testament to Gore Vidal's long-standing disenthrallment with the more gaseous qualities of American democracy-in-action. Crypto-monarchist though he may be, Vidal has nevertheless prepared a wonderfully timely tonic for any citizen depressed by the current spectacle of low men in high places. In *Burr*, his new novel, he suggests that it was ever thus. Cunning, rancor, partisanship, expediency masquerading as principle, all have infected our politicians from the start, and if Americans have been loathe to genuflect to their elected leaders, there has been a reason.

Which is not to say that our pols have been more ignoble than those of other lands or other times—or, indeed, than the rest of us pursuing life, liberty and profits in ruthless privacy. Vidal's purpose here seems, rather, to show what a roiling, brawling heritage ours is, and we should understand that unalloyed virtue was no more prevalent among the Founding Fathers than it is now. Only they had more style. And none more so than Aaron Burr.

Burr shot his way into the doghouse of American history by doing in his arch-tormentor with a slug through the spleen at 20 paces, and thereby gave Alexander Hamilton a martyrdom beyond his due. At the time, Burr was the third Vice President of the United States and a viable candidate to succeed, as his two predecessors in that office had, to the Presidency. But it was all downhill from Weehawken, and Burr has become, to quote Vidal, "one of the dark legends of the Republic"—a dreamer, a schemer, a roué, a chronic debtor. Even when viewed as sympathetically as he is here, his quick intelligence, ready tongue and lawyerly insight seem never to have been yoked to plausible programs or useful principles.

Yet Vidal seizes upon Burr, of all those bewigged eminences, as the most promising clay for rendering his sweeping portrait of our national infancy. He was drawn, no doubt, by the less-familiar personality of the man and by the strategic fact of his longevity: Burr was a minor hero of the Revolution at 21 and lived on 59 years, barely outlasting Madison. Burr



knew everyone and saw it all. Moreover, Vidal is attracted by the "exquisite irony" of the man, by the bracing wit that whittled so many lionized contemporaries to life-size. It is a knack possessed, of course, by Vidal himself, and so he fashions a supremely sardonic Burr for us, Waspish but never venomous, for he understood human nature too well. In Jefferson, for example, Vidal's Burr notes "a quite astonishing malice of character which was positively Shakespearean in its variety." Told of Lafayette's death at 77, Burr laments trippingly: "Poor boy! So much to look forward to. I trust he is now in heaven with General Washington and, side by side, they rest on a cloudy mantle of stars for all eternity, dreaming up dissastrous military campaigns."

There was a good deal more to Burr than drollery, although Vidal's neo-Dickensian manner risks gilding the style of the man at the expense of his substance. What Burr lacked in purpose, he made up for with an independence that no doubt contributed to his undoing. A skilled soldier, he saw Washington's ineptness as a tactician and noted it, thereby losing the great man's favor and, with it, easy access to power. He would not do the bidding of the powerful New York patricians who sent him to the Senate, or curry favor with Jefferson, who controlled his destiny: he voted as he chose. Nor would he, finally, preserve his political career by tolerating the "poisonous egotism" and relentless slander of Hamilton. He was, in short, a brave and thorny man, a ne'er-do-well who came tantalizingly close to vast power but finally held none. Pluck without luck lands you on the ragged edge of the American Dream.

By comparison, Washington is shown by Vidal to have been an egomaniac, out to line his pockets in the bargain; Jefferson, "reckless with the truth;" John Adams, fat and tactless; Hamilton, keening for the rich folk and always seeking, among the powerful older men of his time, the father he never knew. Andy Jackson, according to this book, was a crook, Daniel Webster took bribes, and DeWitt Clinton was "clever, drunken and ruthless." (Only James Madison, "a great little man" to Burr, escapes rebuke.) Vidal's fictional narrator, a young law clerk to Burr who proves quite as duplicitous as the famous men here scorned, sums it up with a consummately withering assessment of America's public servants: ". . . affecting to love democracy, every last one of them does his best to make sufficient money in order to exclude himself from the common round."

If all this brings Watergate to mind, consider, too: most of that Revolutionary-

era crowd obtained posh digs while going into debt . . . their pro-business bias was patent and spurred civil insurrection . . . Jefferson stated that war was "helpful to domestic manufacture" and—during the Burr treason trial, which resulted from a half-baked scheme to conquer Mexico—refused to hand over secret Presidential papers on the grounds of Executive privilege until he himself was subpoenaed by Chief Justice John Marshall. *Plus ça change. . . .*

Burr is a splendid show of Gore Vidal's virtuosity as a wit, stylist and political savant. While no monument to the novelist's art, it is a graphic portfolio of our checkered heritage. And it suggests that whoever delivers our official bicentennial panegyric to the Spirit of '76 and All That, three years hence, had better keep it short.—**Richard Kluger**

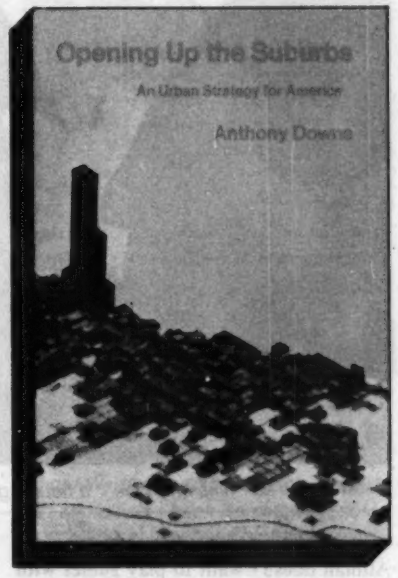
Opening Up the Suburbs, An Urban Strategy for America by Anthony Downs, Yale University Press, 219 pp., Appendix, $7.95.

Ever since suburban developments started changing the countryside, critics have been taking cracks at their picture windows. What's relevant is that most of this rabbit-punching has been done by instant sociologists and smug city folk who triple-lock their apartments, dump their children in private schools, avoid breathing in public, and knock each other down in the rush to get out of town in the summertime.

Living in the suburbs, I lean towards annoyance at this sort of dum-dumnism. I am sick of people with identical haircuts and clothing and studiedly eclectic furniture yapping about suburban uniformity. I am tired of people who buy white-noise machines and sound-proof wall tile to block out the din of city life yipping about development ugliness. I have had a bellyful of people who worry about being seen in the right saloons yowling about the dearth of cultural values in split-levelsville. I am even out of sorts with editors who ask me to write about Long Island, and think that means the Hamptons, which are summer camps for gaggles of rich bigots and social-climbers who have never shopped at Whites-Modells and don't know a Lollapalooza from a Big Mac.

Not that there isn't some basis for the clichés. Suburbia is indeed studded with picture windows that look out at other picture windows and spotted with adults who worry about when to spread cow manure on their lawns. But split-level and hi-ranch developments are a lot better looking than most apartment blocs and they also contain people who read books—even the ones on their coffee tables—and support public television. Most important, the suburbs contain people, period. Census figures for 1970 showed 76,300,000 Americans living in the suburbs. This represented 37.6 percent of the nation's population, as compared to 31.4 percent for the central cities and 31 percent for other areas. It was even more significant that suburbia accounted for 64.3 percent of the country's growth in the '50s, and 70.4 percent in the '60s.

Whether their critics like it or not, the suburbs are where most Americans want to live. And the flight to the developments is decimating the central cities. This is part of what urban economist Anthony Downs calls the "trickle down" process. As well-to-do people leave a neighborhood, poorer people move in. The cycle repeats itself until the neighborhood becomes a slum. The very poor find themselves penned in escape-proof hellholes saturated with crime, vermin, drugs and



hopelessness. And the blight spreads outward through the cities and onto the edges of the suburbs.

The point of Downs' book is one that should make the suburb-haters turn in their slings and arrows for olive branches. What he's saying is that it's up to the suburbs to get the cities off the hook—that the only way to save the cities is to open the suburbs to the poor. This, of course, involves an implicit criticism of suburbia that is absolutely justified. The shame of the suburbs is similar to the shame that still marks upper- and middle-class enclaves of the cities—despite token gestures, they are economically and racially segregated. There are few really poor people in my community, as well as few black people. This can be tragic. It's the one area in which my children are disadvantaged; I have to keep teaching them things that they should learn through living experiences.

Downs is no instant sociologist. He is a Chicago-area suburbanite who served as a consultant to the Kerner Commission and helped write its report on civil disorders. He has the advantage of knowing what he's talking about as he proposes a program to open up the suburbs to the poor. He realizes that although the advantages of his program are obvious for the poor and the cities, they are more subtle when it comes to the suburbs. The ownership of property—no matter how large the mortgage or how small the plot—is what matters dearly to the average suburbanite. Talk to him about bringing poor people into his neighborhood and he starts worrying about his property—he worries about rising taxes, falling home values, unsafe streets and screwed-up schools.

One of the book's pluses is that Downs considers the legitimacy of some of these fears before explaining that they don't have to materialize. His program is realistic and, often, specific. Basically, he proposes clusters of low- and moderate-income housing spread throughout all areas of suburbia. He emphasizes that the only way the program will work is if the middle class remains dominant in the integrated neighborhoods. (One of his yardsticks is that no cluster should contribute more than 25 percent of the children attending any of the public schools serving it.)

Another of Downs' themes is that city and suburb affect each other. Both are parts of the same country, the same economy. And there's something more—the old red-white-and-blue idea that a man should be able to better himself. A man sure as hell can't do that in a country whose economic and social structure keeps him bottled up.

It would be nice if plain citizens and politicians as well as professional planners read this book. And that brings me to its big weakness. Some of the language is terrible. Downs is enchanted by words like "viable" and wallows in key phrases like "dispersed economic integration." Reading his book is reminiscent of studying a text for an exam; you keep poring over and over the same paragraph hoping your headache will go away and you'll start understanding it. *Open Up The Suburbs* is billed as an outgrowth of a lecture series given at Yale, and it reads like one. That's too bad, because Downs really has something worthwhile to say. —**Harvey Aronson**

Altman's brilliant neon ballad for a busted boom town

By Frank Rich

With his latest movie, *The Long Goodbye*, Robert Altman is once again asking for trouble—and once again there's every reason to believe he's going to get it. In the American film industry, this director is the ultimate heretic: he has a lucid vision of the world and he's sticking to it, no matter what the momentary fancies of popular commerce. Only once has this vision coincided with the national mood and given him a smash box-office success; that was *M*A*S*H*, which is five movies back in his career. Now Altman has gone and pushed his audacity beyond the limits of chutzpah and into the realm of hubris. He has taken a film property with a fervent built-in following—one of the late Raymond Chandler's detective novels—and transformed it into a movie that seems bound to bore and alienate that very audience. *The Long Goodbye*, like most of this brilliant director's work, is some kind of wonderful picture, but it probably won't win him any friends among the already sceptical gnomes of Hollywood.

The movie just doesn't lend itself to an easy sell. When United Artists opened it in a handful of cities months ago, the accompanying promotion campaign led the public to believe that *The Long Goodbye* was, as one might expect, smack in the grand tradition of all the other Chandler-inspired pictures—the most notable of which, Howard Hawks' *The Big Sleep* (1946), starred Humphrey Bogart as fictional private eye Philip Marlowe. But Altman's film, as it turns out, owes little to that past; Bogey is dead and the director is far less interested in arranging a second coming than he is in dancing on graves. Audiences hoping for a nostalgia binge were turned off, and UA yanked the movie from distribution.

Now *The Long Goodbye* is being given a New York City opening and some new publicity that bills the film as "a dark and comic send-up of the 1940s' gumshoe genre." A well-meaning try, but no cigar. The movie is not satire either, and audiences who come to it expecting an orgy of in-jokes are going to have a rotten time. Altman doesn't want to play games with our cultural legends; he wants to annihilate them.

Elliott Gould as Philip Marlowe, "a happy-go-lucky cynic of a private eye."

That's precisely what he did two years ago when he took on the western in *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*. Although Altman employed all the phenomena of the horse opera—the manly gunman with a storied past, the raunchy saloon, the two-fisted madam and the final shoot-out—the film turned these cliches inside out, completely defying an audience's normal expectation of either a madcap western *M*A*S*H* or the plain good-guy, bad-guy theatrics of a John Wayne oater. It was a movie in which the two glamorous and seemingly "made for each other" stars (Warren Beatty and Julie Christie) did *not* fall in love; one in which the whole town did *not* turn out for the climactic showdown and instead left the hero to die alone and unmourned, an anonymous stiff to be buried by the unremitting snow.

Altman even tampered with the basic devices of narrative storytelling. Not only did the "plot" seem to be unfolding in some vague fashion off-screen, but much of the movie's dialogue was intentionally inaudible. By liberating his film from all the dramatic and sentimental constraints of the past, Altman came up with a ballad of the frontier that, while accommodating courage and humor and love, was sung in an apocalyptic key. It was a view of the Golden West that had more in common with Nathanael West's *Day of the Locust* than with James Fenimore Cooper's Leatherstocking tales.

So it's not really too surprising that

this time around Altman turns to Chandler for source material, for, like our current reigning detective-novelist Ross Macdonald, Chandler was one of Nathanael West's spiritual heirs. His fiction provides a perfect means for Altman to transport his western dreams from the turn-of-the-century wilderness to the southern California where American civilization came to its grim deadend. Indeed Altman and screenwriter Leigh Brackett (who, along with William Faulkner, Jules Furthman and the uncredited help of Chandler himself, adapted *The Big Sleep* a generation ago) have plunked Philip Marlowe down into the immediate present—an L.A. of all-night supermarkets, hash-stoned freaks and underworld gangs so ecumenical they can accommodate equal numbers of Jews, blacks, Italians and Mexicans among their ranks.

Philip Marlowe, who turns up in the form of a rumpled and ill-shaven Elliott Gould, is still on the case—but who can give a damn about the case? For Altman, the story is a nuisance that he reluctantly displays in incoherent dribs and drabs. And so *The Long Goodbye* is in truth another ballad, belonging to that special brand of neon soul music we associate with insomnia and dashed hopes. This is a movie about a society that is choking on dirty money and its own high-proof bile.

In this way the film's "mystery" is far less important than the people and places Marlowe encounters while pursuing it. More often than not his clues lead him to a ritzy housing development in Malibu, where a burnt-out, crazy writer named Roger Wade (Sterling Hayden) lives with his wife Eileen (Nina van Pallandt). Although their household is built on mounds of cash, it is bankrupt in just about every important way. The Wades' existence is defined by a sea of drunken beach parties so immutable that even when a man walks into the ocean to commit suicide one night, neighbors insist on coming over during the search mission to break out some more booze.

At least there's still some tribal sense of community in Malibu; L.A. itself has become a frontier ghost town like all the others where the boom went bust. The piano bars still have their solitary Hoagy Carmichaels, but there are no customers besides Marlowe, and the owners have to give their wares names like "Hot Pants Drinks" in a desperate maneuver to lure clientele. While the city's lowest caste of tradesmen and hangers-on still do movie-star impressions at the drop of a hat, the subjects of such hero worship are the forgotten stars of the Hollywood firmament—like Walter Brennan and Barbara Stanwyck. But perhaps the most haunting specters of doom are the young stoned-out and semi-nude women who, night and day, can be seen dancing to the slow and silent beat of some transcendental drummer on the terrace across from Marlowe's flat; they support themselves by dipping candles for "a cute little shop on Hollywood Boulevard"—presumably the town's last, degenerated outlet for what used to be known as craft.

As usual Altman has a crew of distinctive supporting players around, and they are as central to depicting the dreary moral landscape as is the fine, smoggy Vilmos Zsigmond (*McCabe, Deliverance*) cinematography. Though the director's stock company (Rene Auberjonois, Bud Cort, Sally Kellerman et al.) is not on hand, the casting is by and large as fortunate as it is unlikely. Nina van Pallandt, the paramour of yesteryear's Clifford Irving-Howard Hughes "book" affair, is a terribly appropriate choice for the cagey blonde Eileen, and Hayden, bearded and boorish, makes a pitiable hack-Hemingway of a husband for her. Ex-ballplayer Jim Bouton captures the peculiar, smooth assurance of a kept man, and TV comic Henry Gibson, whose talents had heretofore seemed obscure, is a fitting quack shrink, an "albino turd," as one character describes him, who moves with the exaggerated, bouncing strides of a figure from a James Thurber cartoon.

Roger Wade (Sterling Hayden), a burnt-out and pitiable hack Hemingway, seeks comfort from his cagey blonde wife Eileen (Nina van Pallandt).

There is also Mark Rydell as Marty Augustine, a mobster whose polished social graces and almost casual cruelty make him all but indistinguishable from respectable folk like the Wades. Marty is nouveau riche and Jewish, a nice guy who would rather be at Sabbath services than at work, and who is prone to bragging about the $1,000-a-week health farm he can afford for his overweight wife. Rydell makes Marty appear rational even during the character's more eccentric moments—like the one where he tells his mistress in all hushed sincerity that he loves her, and then proceeds to punctuate his affectionate declaration by picking up a Coke bottle and quite off-handedly smashing it across her face.

But most of all there is Elliott Gould as Marlowe. This actor has finally risen from the ashes of all those films like *Getting Straight* and *I Love My Wife*, in which he has been debasing himself for more years than he or anyone else would care to recall. His performance in *The Long Goodbye* is unmannered and endearing as well as comic.

Outwardly, Gould's Marlowe is a shambles of a man who walks around in soiled dime-store suits and can't command the allegiance of his pet cat, not to mention that of a woman. (If Lauren Bacall were around she'd probably have him arrested for vagrancy.) But Gould's mumbling, happy-go-lucky cynic of a private eye also radiates a constant, if fatalistic, sense of integrity that the outward chaos cannot belie.

Like such other Altman heros as McCabe, Brewster McCloud and the *M*A*S*H* surgeons, Marlowe has the courage that prods him to take chances and settle scores, even though he suspects that the death and greed around him may wipe out his small acts of valor in the long run. It's not for nothing that Altman, in his most startling departure from the original Chandler novel, has Marlowe pull out a gun in the film's final moments and smilingly knock off an unfaithful friend. This act is essential to the director's conception of the hero and, not so incidentally, it's the only instance of justice in the movie.

It's a joyous moment, too, as murders go, and Altman extends it by a long closing shot in which we watch Marlowe skip and dance up a country road as 'Hooray for Hollywood' creeps up on the soundtrack. Hooray for Hollywood? Well, of course. Like his heroes, Robert Altman cannot live without getting the last mocking—and quite possibly self-destructive—laugh. ●

Another open letter from a fan to Diana Rigg

By Stuart Werbin

Diana,

I am filled with an awful fear that you will be reading this second letter from behind dark glasses, seated in the coach of a BOAC jet heading back to the mother country. You started the season as telly's top-rated new entry. That was a personal tribute, a confirmation of the piece of America's heart which your previous work has earned for you. However, by the third week the show which bears your name had fallen to 59 (out of 64 prime-time shows), and it's a good guess that the immigration department at NBC is presently reviewing the small print on your visa.

Nobody expected you to run away with Monday night. Nothing less than a scandal which revealed that Matt Dillon had been shaking down Miss Kitty to keep his back turned on back room girls giving an extra hand to lonesome cowpokes could make the weekly citizens of Dodge City ponder relocation. But it was hoped that you could at least outsmart the second-year *Rookies* whom ABC uses to warm up the football fans.

I refuse to believe that your initial popularity was based solely on expectations that your Diana would be a reincarnation of Emma Peel, the femme fatale in leather heels transformed into some kind of cat-o'-nine-tail comedy. The overriding reason that you are being abandoned is that your show is a crawling dog. In the last issue, I promised you a lesson on the American sitcom and the women who pioneered it. I hope, dear Diana, it isn't coming too late.

In the most recent episode of your show, Diana Smythe's situation was easy to empathize with. She needed a raise. Her bossman, Brodnik, began what was meant to be a laugh-drawing put-off: "The people working here are like a family to me, and families shouldn't have to worry about money." Your family at Butley's department store doesn't make it, Diana, and family is still the foundation of sitcom.

Lucille Ball is the most successful personality in the history of television. She has been on the air continuously since 1951 (in re-runs during her two brief retirements). Looking backward, we see that *I Love Lucy* was not simply the grandmother of the *The Lucy Show* and *Here's Lucy*, but the Godmother of a hundred sitcoms. Just as *All in the Family* descends from *Life of Riley*, and *Maude* descends from *December Bride*, *Diana* descends from *I Love Lucy*.

The titles of Lucy's first descendants—*I Married Joan*, *My Little Margie*, *Private Secretary*—reinforce, grammatically at least, the feminist's "woman-as-object" argument. Joan Davis, Gail Storm and Ann Sothern were the stars and protagonist-subjects of their shows, but the objects in the titles. The only jobs available for female leads in the early '50s were housewife and secretary. Little Margie grew up to be *Oh Susanna* and was given the job of ship's social director, yet most of the scripts centered around her getting into the hair of Captain Huxley, the mustached father-figure. The original Lucy/Desi prototype relationship often seemed closer to wayward daughter vs. knowing father than wife to husband. Ricky Ricardo considered it "ridicalous" for Lucy to yearn for a career. He wore the satin Cuban pants in the family. Alone against him, she was helpless. She needed an oppressed sister as a partner in crime and, in Vivian Vance's Ethel Mertz, Lucy had the "bestest friend in the world."

In the early '60s, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz dissolved their marriage. It was the beginning of the great divorce boom, yet the network powers didn't feel that the broken home could be incorporated into family comedy, or at least not as easily as death. So when Lucy returned with her own show, she was a widow, and was followed by virginal widow Doris Day, black-is-beautiful widow Diahann Carroll (*Julia*) and singing widow Shirley Jones (*The Partridge Family*). Maude was allowed to debut last year as TV's first divorcee, albeit a remarried divorcee. You, Diana, arrived as TV's first active divorcee, ending up in bed with a stranger your very first night on the air. You promised to expand a dignified liberation pioneered by Mary Tyler Moore. But Mary has Phyllis and Rhoda, two strong "sisters," 1970's equivalents of Ethel Mertz. She also has a strong "family" in her colleagues at the local TV station, each of whom possess a distinct personality around which individual episodes can be built. The relationship between Mary, and her boss Lou Grant is a highly sophisticated progression from Susanna and Captain Huxley; presently, Mary is helping Lou work out the problems of separating from his wife.

But your colleagues, Diana, have had little to do to distinguish themselves around the office besides trading recycled one-liners.

Two years ago a girl named Sandy Duncan was discovered in a toothpaste (or was it hair spray?) commercial, the electronic Schwabs of the '70s. She was going to be the next Lucille Ball, or Marlo Thomas, or Mary Tyler Moore. America was rooting for her, but her writers failed to establish an atmosphere in which her anticipated uniqueness could blossom. Her colleagues disappeared faster than cabinet members, leaving a depressed, burnt, exhausted "New" Sandy Duncan who would welcome a second cancellation with a pledge never again to trespass in Sitcom City.

Your latest episode, "Fire One" was a dud, but the title was the seed of a good idea. Get your hands on Emma Peel's old machine gun and let loose on Butley's Fifth Avenue department store and the whole Studio City production shop behind it. When the smoke clears, hold your lovely head high and walk out with your boots on.

Best Wishes in Whatever You Do Next,
Your fan,
Stuart Werbin ●

THEATER

How a snug little kitchen drama was recycled into a hit Broadway musical

By Tom Prideaux

A lot of water has washed over the barriers since Lorraine Hansberry's *Raisin in the Sun* became a historic landmark in 1959. Now, by the laws of Broadway karma, it is reborn as a musical with the title predictably clipped to *Raisin.*

The first black drama to win a huge financial and popular success, *Raisin in the Sun* dealt with the anguish of integration. It focused on a black family's struggles, led by a spunky grandma, to move into a decent white neighborhood. Though the author was black, her play had a faint whiff of condescension for it showed black adults in need of firm maternal guidance. This was fine with the whites, inviting their tolerance but still letting them suck discreetly on the sweet pacifier of prejudice. In short, here was a transitional drama for an edgy decade.

Miss Hansberry herself once called her work a "soap opera." But the play was a landmark for black acting, sending Sidney Poitier to stardom, heaping acclaim on Ruby Dee, Ossie Davis, Diana Sands and Claudia McNeill. And along with her elegant actors, she had a wise black director, Lloyd Richards, who minimized the suds.

Now, as a 1973 musical, *Raisin* has a less-discriminating director. Donald McKayle, the latest of the new breed of director-choreographers, tacks on several lively but extraneous dances: a prologue of slinking, Chicago cats, a saloon caper to a song called 'Booze,' and a cliché subway interlude with the dancers pretending to be swaying straphangers, which reminds us not of Chicago but of other Broadway shows.

More valid ornaments to the show are the songs by Judd Woldin and Robert Brittan, which, for the most part, stick to the story, and sometimes incorporate Miss Hansberry's own words in the lyrics. A Hansberry speech helps produce a showstopper in 'Measure the Valleys,' sung *socko voce* by Virginia Capers as Grandma when she is trying to defend her wayward son's misdeeds. Another rouser, 'He Came Down this Morning,' is a jazz-waltz spiritual that could send any sinner waltzing to salvation.

Most of the show's excess baggage is unloaded in the first half, and from then on it rolls triumphantly ahead, with Joe Morton, as Grandma's son, showing himself as strong an actor as he is a singer, and Loretta Abbott, as Joe's beautiful wife, winning first prize for not overacting. I wish she had more competition among some of her colleagues.

Raisin ran a risk of sounding old-fashioned. Most recent black dramas are no longer hung up on integration—not that the problem is even close to being solved. Instead, gifted black playwrights of the '60s and early '70s, men such as Ed Bullins, Imamu Amiri Baraka, Charles Gordone and Joseph Walker, are waging war in a broader sense against oppression by directly affirming the indigenous dignity of the black race. In plays that are often hilariously abrasive and untamed, black is not measured against white, but celebrated for being black. If *Raisin* were singing only The Integration Blues, it would not get by today even as a period piece. Its appeal is deeply rooted in Lorraine Hansberry's particular talent, her perfect ear for family fussing and fuming, her concern not for black skin or white skin but human skin.

Considering that her play was a snug little kitchen drama, it may seem surprising that it could expand into a populous Broadway musical. The secret is that the original play was packed with feeling—love, ambition, loyalty and heartache—and the first requirement of any good musical play, from grand opera to Broadway, is an abundance of emotion. Shakespeare missed the main point when he said, "Music is the food of love." In truth, love is the food of music. Music feeds on love and every other strong emotion, which is the reason why the *Raisin* songs fit so naturally into place. Similarly, almost all modern black drama could lend itself to music. In one way or another, these plays are charged with emotion and begging for melody; they will prove a goldmine of librettos for future composers. My own candidate for early musicalization is Gordone's quirky, hectic, many-faceted *No Place to Be Somebody.* But damned if I know any composer, black or white, who is up to it. ●

Atop the kitchen table, Joe Morton and Deborah Allen, who plays his sister, imagine themselves taking part in a folk dance in Africa.

A country singer who "never knew a horse I didn't wager on"

By Janet Maslin

"Swear to God, Your Honor,
Never smoked no marijuanner,
I'm too busy cryin' in my beer
And if I take to drinkin'
It's just because my brain keeps thinkin'
Things a decent country boy ain't s'posed to hear" *

Chip Taylor, the decent country boy from Yonkers, New York, is doing his damndest to look tough. Smoking a Marlboro, sipping a scotch, he stares wistfully across the hotel room at his cowboy hat, which is prominently positioned atop his guitar case. He wears a work shirt, tapered jeans, bad-ass leather boots and a tiny gold St. Jude's medal. But he blows the whole routine every time he opens his mouth, because a *real* country boy would never sound half this nervous, let alone blaspheme the name of Merle Haggard by pronouncing it with a Yankee accent.

Chip is terribly polite, soft-spoken, and ready to begin reeling off one of the first official versions of his autobiography. But he can't help casting occasional sidelong glances at the tape-recorders by my side; come to think of it, he's looking a little suspiciously at me, too. One of his songs is about a usually laconic he-man singer with an unconscionable habit of shooting his mouth off every time he gives an interview. The song's last line goes: "By the time he saw it in writin'/he was cursin' them mothers and ready for fightin'." Chip's own first line to me goes; "Look, I don't know what to say. Why don't you just write down everything I'd like to hear?"

He's almost as unaccustomed to playing in public as he is to meeting the press, but for the past few days prior to our meeting Chip has been working in a small Boston club as the warm-up act for Peter Yarrow, whose set still includes such rickety classics as 'Stewball.' Yarrow is drawing a mixed crowd, both old folkies and (because he is backed by the Maytals) reggae fans. Chip doesn't even know what reggae (he pronounces it "rah-gay") is; he just knows that nobody in this audience ever expected any Nashville-type noises on the bill.

Chip's fine second album, *Last Chance,* has been out about a month and he tells me that his 15 years in the music business (as producer and songwriter) have provided most of the subject matter for the songs. '101 In Cashbox' tells why his own version of 'Angel of the Morning' (which he wrote) wasn't a big hit like Merrilee Rush's was. 'I Read It In *Rolling Stone,*' the droll account of why it isn't always smart to give interviews, was inspired by something Chip once heard Kris Kristofferson drawl over the radio. And 'I Wasn't Born In Tennessee,' a tongue-in-cheek apology for his Westchester origins, came out of a visit to Nashville, where a friend told Chip (who had a beard at the time) that if he really wanted to sell records he'd "best not let those friends and neighbors out there see you lookin' like that."

*–Chip Taylor and Al Gorgoni, 'Swear to God, Your Honor.' 1973 Blackwood Music, Inc., Back Road Music, Inc.

In his button-down shirt, Taylor sings country songs at the Paul's Mall club.

Without the beard ("and I was glad to get rid of it, if you wanna know the truth," he tells me), Chip looks very much like Jon Voight; when *Midnight Cowboy* first came out, Chip spent several weeks signing autographs for people who refused to believe he wasn't Jon Voight. He is, in fact, Jon Voight's younger brother, born James Wesley Voight 33 years ago. "I never liked that name," he now says. "My mother called me Wes, my father called me Jimmy, my brothers called me Zip, and I had an aunt who used to call me Wezzie, which was reason enough to change it right there." Chip began dreaming of changing his name and toughening up his image when he was nine or 10 and first started picking up the Grand Old Opry on his Yonkers radio, but he didn't actually get around to doing it until he was 19. By then, he had ended an unhappy five-month stint at Spring Hill College in Mobile (aside from those five months, Chip has never spent more than a week in Dixie at any one time). He was back home working as a suburban golf pro and driving into Manhattan one day a week to visit record companies and sell his songs. He was also playing country bars in Westchester, places with names like the Chat'n'Chew, and when his manager decided that the big time might be in sight, he counseled his young would-be star that "*nobody* could make it with a name like Voight."

An unexpected mid-'60s windfall muddled his self-image even further. "I was called up to write a novelty song for a group called Jordan Christopher and the Wild Ones, so I went into the studio and just said anything that came into my head. I must've been serious—I was *always* serious—but when I played it for Jon, he fell on the floor laughing. . . ." The song, 'Wild Thing,' was picked up by the Troggs—a British band whose music always sounded about as appetizing as their name—a year later, and became an enormous rock hit, even though it still sounded like a bit of a goof. When Jimi Hendrix blasted out 'Wild Thing' at his famous Monterey gig, he introduced the song as "the new national anthem." When Chip saw the film *Monterey Pop* and heard that, he "just about died. I couldn't stop cringing." But the damage was done; like it or not, Taylor, who dreamed "country," had established himself as a part-time rock and roller.

So even though he'd love to see *Last Chance* wind up as a hit among country stations, Taylor finds himself appealing to another audience too, one that has him slightly baffled. "The only hippie phase I ever went through came out of insecurity—I told you, I'm very shy," he says in the Cambridge, Mass. hotel room. "Sometimes I would look up to people who seemed to have a way of getting on with other people, so when the hippie cult came in and they all seemed to know what they were talking about—I didn't know *what* the hell they were talking about—I guess I said, 'Yeah, I wish I could be part of that.' Maybe the reason I wasn't much of a hippie was that I couldn't make a good one." Warner Brothers, Chip's new record label, seems to think *Last Chance* has its best chance with a soft-rock progressive FM audience. At least Taylor has the consolation that "Merle liked it, I know he did. I got word from his attorney."

Chip sits in a Cambridge hotel room cluttered with his "country" artifacts.

It is almost show time and Chip needs a break, so I leave the hotel, go round up a Texas friend of mine, and head over to the club. "Tex" is a slender blue-eyed blonde who claims to have vast powers of discrimination when it comes to country singers, and 10 minutes into Chip's set she whispers that, yep, he's hot stuff, but he sure wouldn't pass in Waco. Maybe not, but he's got the moves down so well that he strikes me as a different man from the one I was interviewing at the hotel. His voice has gotten twangy and fallen into the lower registers; his younger-brother anxieties have disappeared behind a smokescreen of deadpan country mannerisms. But a few pointed contradictions remain: his band includes both weathered C&W sidemen and John Platania, a gifted rock guitarist who also plays with Van Morrison. His songs continually reflect the irony of his situation: "I got them city hillbillies and green-eyed fillies lookin' up at me like I was Merle." He readily admits that he "never knew a horse I didn't wager on." And when he finishes doing 'Wild Thing,' he just grins sheepishly and announces, "Maybe you noticed I was lookin' up at those lights during that last one, and not down at you. Well, there's a reason for that."

After the set, I head backstage at the Paul's Mall club to tell Chip how much the audience liked him and I tease him a little about foolin' those friends and neighbors. Chip ignores that and chatters on about the sound system for a while, but he hasn't forgotten; pretty soon he wants to know what I meant by "foolin'." I meant nothing, I meant a joke, and I apologize. Chip persists; he wasn't foolin' anybody, that was the *real thing*. I apologize again. Now, *he* apologizes, saying that he never could laugh at himself very easily, and if I think he's too serious now, I should have seen him five years ago.

Maybe he's just tired. After all, he has divided the week between nightly shows in Boston and bleary-eyed daytime trips to Bennington, Vt., where he is further complicating his search for himself by working as an actor. He has a small part in a new film by a gifted young Polish director, Krzysztof Zanussi. Type-casting: "I play the part of a local sheriff in this small town who's kinda accepted by the people even though he doesn't look like a sheriff." When Chip told Jon about it, "I guess he was remembering how hard it was for him to get his start, because he said, 'You sonofabitch! And I got no music career to fall back on!' In kind of a humorous way, you understand." ●

FINAL TRIBUTE

Mayor Lindsay's last days: he once was a symbol

By Dick Schaap

The other day, John V. Lindsay, the mayor of New York City, led a group of newsmen into a hole in the ground. The hole led, via three separate ladders, down to the Manhattan Sewer Interceptor Tunnel, a new and durable construction which probably won't give the Lindsay administration the immortality the Taj Mahal gave the Jehan administration in Agra. Within the oval concrete tunnel, Lindsay, wearing boots and a yellow slicker, guided his troops along a shallow stream for about 100 yards. Then, while everyone else stopped, Lindsay alone walked ahead another 30 or 40 yards, his patrician profile, topped by a hard hat, slowly disappearing into darkness. Just before he vanished completely, Lindsay shouted back, "Look out for the alligators."

In the next few weeks, before he steps down from his high office, Lindsay will go through the summing-up ritual dozens of times—but never more succinctly or more accurately.

The alligators got to John Lindsay during his eight years as mayor of New York. They nipped at his heels, and left scars in his psyche. He changed during his two terms. He changed a lot. He went into office a handsome young Republican filled with great hopes, and he came out handsome.

In the beginning, he was more than a politician. He was a symbol. He was going to prove that cities could be made livable, that the races could co-exist in urban peace, that the poor could be given dignity, that the city itself could be given class. He had charisma. He drew bright young people into his camp. He was the perfect campaigner, brimming with energy and remarkable good cheer. He was fun to be around. He seemed to like people and love New York. He got over it.

Seven days after he was elected, Lindsay got the first hint of what to expect: A power failure struck the entire Northeast. Lindsay was seen late that night, in a Manhattan restaurant, lighting a candle. It wasn't until a few months later that he began cursing the darkness.

The subway strike hit the city his first hour in office, and from then on, there was always some form of labor or political or racial strife. When the racial tension threatened to explode, Lindsay walked the streets of the ghettos; some of his less dramatic moves were equally bold, but he made enemies every day, and the enemies grew vicious.

In the early days, he was able to laugh at criticism; when I coined the phrase "Fun City" as a gentle jibe ("New York is a fun city"—John Lindsay: "Same here"—the mayor of Da Nang), Lindsay encouraged me to keep it going. He went on the "Tonight" show and joked about muggings in Central Park. But, in time, his smile became forced, his face lined. He became hyper-sensitive to criticism. He seemed to feel that he had made a great sacrifice by dedicating himself to public service, and he deeply resented the people who didn't appreciate his sacrifice. He drank a little too much at parties and committed the cardinal political sin: He told people he didn't like that he didn't like them. He even snapped at friends. At the end of six years in office, Lindsay was no longer fun to be around.

Then came the switch to the Democratic party and the abortive campaign for the Presidential nomination, a campaign that died, fittingly, in Florida, in alligator country. And then came the decision not to seek re-election in 1973, not to put himself on this week's ballot.

Suddenly, Lindsay seemed reborn. Almost magically, the lines disappeared from his face, the smile turned real and his administration embarked on a final period of frenzied activity.

The same day Lindsay descended into the sewer tunnel, he attended a conference in the new Police Headquarters he had recently dedicated and he helped break ground for a subway extension. When he emerged from the manhole, he trotted across the street to take a look at a dock project under construction. "You know," he said, "we've built or started building everything that can be built in this city. Libraries, schools, sewers, highways, subways, Yankee Stadium, everything. When the new mayor comes into office, he won't have to do anything for four years."

Nothing except look out for the alligators.●

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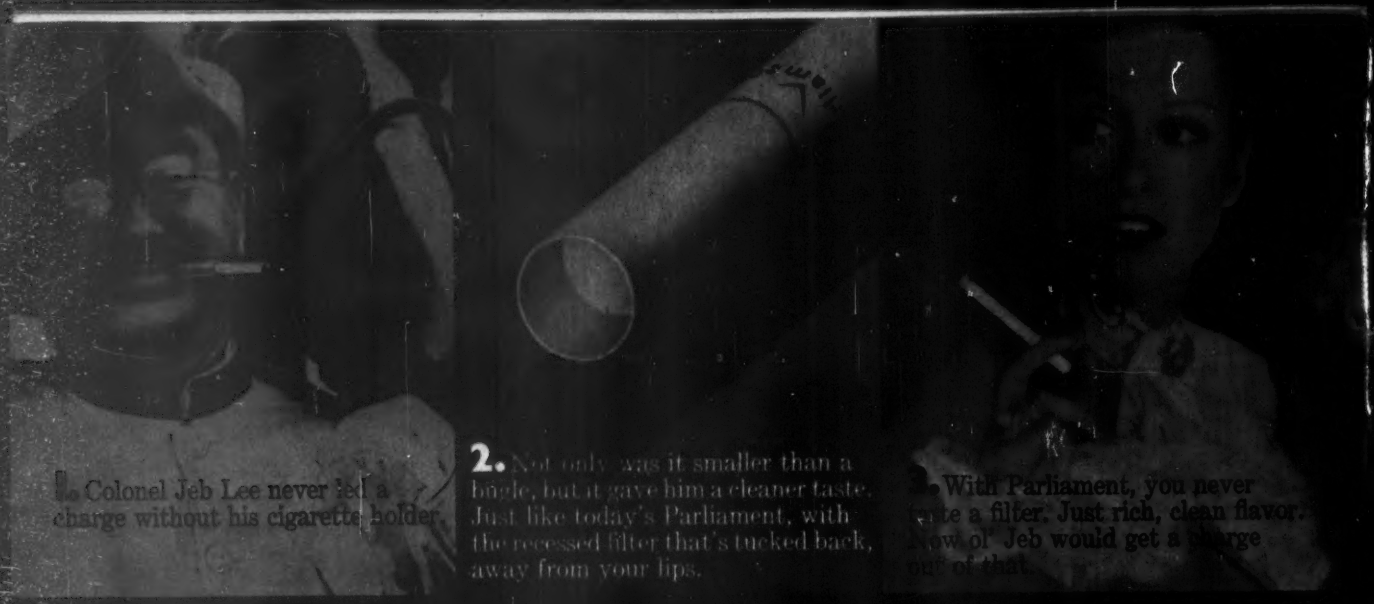

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